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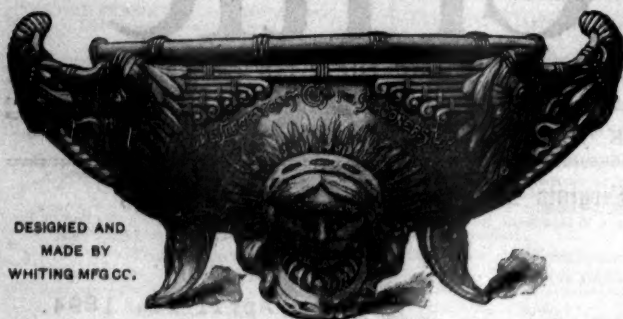
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mon sense presented in the same compass."—Hon. Michael D. Harter.

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The Critic

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SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1894

Literature

"English and Scottish Popular Ballads"

Edited by Francis James Child. Part VIII. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

BEHINDHAND as we are with a notice of the eighth volume of Prof. Child's monumental work on the Scotch and English ballads, it may serve to recall to some readers the fact that the work is still going on. It will soon be completed, and, as the edition is limited to 1000 copies, people who want to possess one should bespeak it at once. Several once popular ballads are very completely set forth in this volume, such as "Lizie Lindsay," a song with many variants, which unconsciously tells of the resentment of the Highland people against city folks and Lowlanders for regarding them as wild, uncouth creatures without castles or civility. The son of a rich Highland chief visits Edinburgh to choose a wife, and persuades Lizie Lindsay to cast the dust of her father's house from her high-heeled shoes for the love of a simple shepherd laddy—for that is the role he has assumed. She is, of course, the fairest maid in the city, but her love is not proof against the fatigues of the hills, and when Donald bids her rise betimes and help his old dairywoman of a mother at milking the cows, she laments her error in leaving Edinburgh. This very human weakening of the heroine is followed by the appearance of the father with twenty ladies and the real mother with twenty knights. In one version Lizie Lindsay regards his offer at first with more sorrow than joy; she can paint, and offers him five guineas (a rather good price) if he will sit "ae hour in my room, Till I tak aff your ruddy picture; When I hae't, I'll naer think lang." But Donald is either too proud or too cunning to give her the satisfaction of his picture. A similar theme, but with Glasgow as its scene, is the subject of "Glasgow Peggie," built, very likely, upon a hundred cases of countrymen half cajoling, half stealing brides from the city. It is notable that in such songs the rustic hero is always more than a match for the city lads and fathers, while the complete ignorance of rural things on the part of the brides is always stated with relish. The Highlander is always the bravest and best:—

"Then out it spake, the young Earl Hume;
Dear! but he spake wondrous gaudie;
'I'm wae to see sae fair a dame
Riding along wi' a Highland laddie.'
'Hold your tongue, ye young Earl Hume';
Dear! but he spake wondrous gaudie;
'There's nae a lord in a' the South
Dare e'er compete wi' a Highland laddie.'"

"The Earl of Errol" is a shady bit of gossip that seems to have hit the popular imagination, in which Scottish obstinacy in money matters affords the springs of action. Because he cannot get the marriage portion promised him with his wife, the Earl of Errol declines to live with her, and, in order to prove that he could have sons if he would, he takes a certain Maggie for a concubine and has a son by her. The efforts of the wife to "have the law" of him whilst he is off hunting, and his ride to town to head her off, are dramatic in themselves, if very inadequately told in the ballad. In "The Laird o' Drum" the bride is a shepherd girl who can neither read nor write, and when her husband takes her to his castle, not one of four-and-twenty gentlemen at the gate will step forward and welcome her. The Laird has reasons to give; his first wife was so high-born and airish as to be a nuisance; this time he would have a wife who could brew, bake and spin. In "The Kitchie-Boy" the laird's only daughter falls in love with the scullion, who goes to sea and returns to win her. "The Rantin' Laddie's" music has been used on the stage within ten years, the words being altered to suit a gypsy part. The rantin', or wanton, youth

who has spoiled the happiness of a girl, comes at her call and turns out to be an Earl, the Earl of Aboyne, a type of harum-scarum, kind-hearted rakes. Yachtsmen may read "Young Allen" with interest, for that hero pits his "comely cog" against any other boat (save the Burgess Black and the Small Cordvine), and his challenge is taken up by a little boy:—

"For my master has a little boat
Will sail thrice as well as thine,
For she'll gang in at your foremast
An' gae out your fore-lee,
An' nine times in a winter night
She'll tak the wind frae thee!"

This little boy is one of those wonder-workers we find in early stories; his size is, perhaps, dwelt on for contrast; or else he is a reminiscence of kobolds and good people. In this case he goes with Young Allen, perhaps for no disinterested purpose, and when the latter's boat is about to sink in a storm, he takes the helm and shows how the vessel can be kept afloat, thereby winning Young Allen's daughter. "Lang Johnnie More," from Auchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, is a well-known story in Irish, divested of many of its mediæval features; but no mention of this is found.

The eighth volume is thus in no wise inferior to the earlier ones. It is nearly 12 years now that the work has been appearing, and, whereas eight was to be the limit of volumes, it is plain that a ninth will have to be issued, if only to give the indexes of dialect words and final notes which are so essential to scholars. This volume, however, has about 100 pages of additions and corrections applicable to all the work so far as it has appeared.

A Venetian "Admirable Crichton"

Fra Paolo Sarpi, the Greatest of the Venetians. By the Rev. A. Robertson. With illustrations. Thomas Whittaker.

THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY years ago there was born in Venice a little lad, who, in Gibbon's words, was to become "the incomparable historian of the Council of Trent." He was the son of mountain people who had moved to Venice to earn a livelihood. The little fellow grew apace, not far from the locality where the Bridge of the Rialto now stands, and early evinced such astounding powers that he was taken up into the Servite Brotherhood when almost a child, and is found at thirteen and sixteen refuting all antagonists in the public disputations so beloved of the Middle Ages. These disputations involved intricate theological questions, Church doctrines and history, recondite argument of the scholastic kind, and metaphysics of the mediæval schools. In all this, wonderful Fra Paolo Sarpi (for this was his name) excelled, and his reputation soon spread far and wide. "What he did," said Lord Macaulay, "he did better than anybody"; he became Galileo's "father and master" in astronomy, and three centuries have passed since the Republic of Venice thought to immortalize him by a statue. He seems, in fact, to have been a man who, like Aristotle, contained in himself the promise and potency of the science of later generations. Galileo placed him at the head of mathematical science in Europe; he anticipated Harvey as an anatomist in his discovery (claims his biographer) of the valves of the veins and the circulation of the blood; magnetic phenomena were more familiar to him than to Porta of Naples, while Gaels and Gauls alike delighted to send him their books on algebra and geometry for revision. His "Art of Thinking Well" was the forerunner of Locke; he was the chosen statesman and counselor of the Republic; and it is claimed that his voluminous state papers contain many of the modern doctrines of constitutional government. He was hated by the Pope and almost assassinated by the latter's hirelings,

and he became the oracle of the age in ecclesiastical matters, statesmanship and learning. A contemporary of Titian and Tintoret and Paul Veronese, he was as great in his many lines as they were in theirs, and became one of those admirable Italians with whom the world is wont to associate such names as Michael Angelo and Mezzofanti.

Mr. Robertson's biography of the humble yet puissant monk justifies Mrs. Oliphant's opinion of him as "a figure unique in the midst of this ever-animated, strong, stormy and restless race," which is an incarnation of the sunshine and storm of the Adriatic itself. He gives us graphic glimpses of sixteenth-century Venice and her doges, and of Sarpi as the encyclopædia of his times.

We notice misprints on pp. 13, 22 (*twenty* for *twenty-six*), 28 (*attenr*), 48 (*sfeleography*).

"A Traveler from Altruria"

By William Dean Howells. Harper & Bros.

THE GOOD-WILL of a gentle man toward his kind, the interesting speculations of Plato, Bacon and Sir Thomas More, the poetic dreams of William Morris and the prosaic nonsense of Mr. Bellamy are all jumbled and shaken up together in Mr. Howells's book. The whole is served up with a sauce *à la* primitive Christianity, and has to be taken very hot; once it has cooled and settled its effect is very disagreeable, indeed. Is it worth while to consider seriously the gospel Mr. Howells preaches? He occupies, at present, a very conspicuous place in the literary life of this nation, and his prophecy is made at a time when the world is ripe for it, longing for release from responsibility, labor and pain. The hope of heaven has been largely taken away from it, and therefore it covets the earth and the fulness thereof; it wants to reap where it has not sown. The dream of pure democracy is equality with those highest in culture and learning—its ideal is a universal aristocracy; the desire of the mob is the destruction of the flower of civilization and the extirpation, *et et armis*, of the mysterious, superior something, physical as well as mental, that breeding gives.

Mr. Howells dreams of universal peace and good-will; the mob does not wish to live in peace with its superiors; it looks forward to their humiliation, and is resolved, when the time shall come, to drag them below its own level, and to rule in their stead. It is worthy of thought that, since they have the power, the masses now make laws for their own benefit, as formerly the classes did, but do not think of shaping legislation for the benefit of all. Mr. Howells sketches a state of utter degradation from which the brutalized poor rise, almost without transition, to the purest altruism; in reality he would find a storm of carnage and bestiality a hundred times worse than was the Reign of Terror the sentimental *encyclopédistes* did not foresee. The Altrurians—who are, it should not be forgotten, the Americans of the future—seem to have no need of foreign trade: they manufacture and grow for themselves everything they need. Living on an island, moreover, they need have no fear of unregenerate, individualistic Cossacks or the swarming millions of China.

Books of this kind are always amusing, and Mr. Howells certainly aims some telling blows at our foibles and pretenses. We cannot deny many of the faults he points out in our industrial system, but we need not, on that account, accept his remedy. Mankind will correct the mistakes it has made in the past, but not necessarily by exalting the lowest forms of manual labor to an equality with the highest manifestations of the intellect: the chemist in his laboratory has done more for agriculture within the last twenty years than the farm-hand has accomplished since man first tilled the land. This is not the place to discuss the economic teachings of the story; suffice it to say, that its professor of political economy is proved to be an egregious donkey; that its manufacturer is a spiritualist, and that Mrs. Makely, another of its characters, is a lady much given to "shrieking" and loud laughter. Socialism is a dream, and not even a beautiful dream—as Moltke said of universal peace. Far better is it for mankind and its progress towards its unknown

destiny, that it should struggle and suffer, and that each man should take his chances and test his mettle, his brain and his brawn in that bubbling cauldron of evolution, which is called the struggle for existence.

The Movement for Church Unity

1. *The Christian Society*. By George D. Herron, D.D. Fleming H. Revell Co. 2. *Questions of the Day, Social, National, Religious*. By David James Vaughan, M.A. Macmillan & Co. 3. *Industrial Training in Reformatory Institutions*. By Franklin H. Briggs. Syracuse, N. Y.: C. W. Barden.

THE NUMBER of those who, with President Patton, think that dogma is more than life, grows less every year. The new thought of the Christian churches is that doctrine must be entirely applied to life. This is "applied Christianity," but it is only at the threshold of what has been termed the "New Movement." The foundation of that movement is sociology, and it seeks to apply the teachings of Jesus to the solution of the social problems of the day. Against individualism in every form it passionately protests. Prominent in the front rank of the New Movement is Prof. George D. Herron, and "Christian Society" (1) represents his present stage of progress. Dr. Herron is a man of intense earnestness, a voice crying in the wilderness; therefore we must not expect his "native hue of resolution to be sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." He says things fierce, hard and sharp. This is the way in which he defines his conception of the New Movement:—"The immediate mission of Christianity is the interpretation of all life and work in the light of the Kingdom of God. It cannot too swiftly tear away the last vestige of ecclesiasticism." Ecclesiasticism is outworn, but revolutions are dangerous. Of the Beatitudes he writes:—"They are the most revolutionary political principles ever stated." In this he is undoubtedly right. Indeed, it would be interesting if, after nineteen centuries, modern Christendom would give the teachings of Jesus a fair trial; but the world does not dare, and the Church is subtly sceptical of the practicability of undiluted Christianity. Dr. Herron is growing yearly more opposed to institutional Christianity. This, to say the least, is unfortunate for the progress of the New Movement, which must begin in the churches, if at all. The ideas of Rothe seem to have a dominance beyond measure over the author's mind. He sees deep down into things, and often shocks theology by exposing its illogicalness. This will be especially noticeable in the last chapter, which is on "The Political Economy of the Lord's Prayer."

Canon Vaughan, also, is, with Canon Freemantle of the English Church and other successors of Maurice and Kingsley, an exponent of the New Movement. He is less radical than Dr. Herron, and at the same time less inspiring, epigrammatic and revolutionary. He claims, with the Iowa professor, that the Church must deal with the social problems of the day, and in his book (2) we have discourses on Trade-unionism, Morality of Business, Capital and Labor, Coöperation, Politics and Religion, Secularism and kindred topics. Canon Vaughan is a moderate man, who tries to see both sides of the question. Such men, with their just mental equipoise, accomplish less reform than the fervid and rash, but they conciliate the thoughtful. Mr. Briggs's pamphlet (3) is in the line of the practical application of the principles avowed by the writers of whom we have been speaking. Moral and religious instruction are more than the use of verbal teaching can cover. Industrial training is, in many instances, as justly entitled to be called religious instruction, as are Bible lessons in the Sunday-schools. The author of the pamphlet shows the moral effectiveness of industrial training in the treatment and reformation of vicious children. Criminology is no small part of the department of Christian sociology: as we abandon the crude theology of a vindictive God, we alter human penalty from vindictive to reformatory, and understand that the highest justice is mercy and love. This is a sample of the theology of the New Movement, and also of the way in which that theology is applied to the solution of criminology, one of the most pressing of the problems offered by our present social conditions.

The Stevens Facsimiles

Facsimiles of Manuscripts in European Archives. Vol. XX. London: B. F. Stevens.

THIS NEW VOLUME of Mr. Stevens's Facsimiles covers the political history of the War of Independence during the year 1777. With each succeeding volume the student becomes more deeply impressed with the value as well as the magnitude of the undertaking, which will, it is hoped, be finished during the present year. From these documents may be quoted here Caron de Beaumarchais's characterization of the American Commissioners:—"I have always made a great difference between the honest deputy Dean, with whom I have had dealings, the insidious politician Lee, and the taciturn Doctor Franklin." Among the most interesting papers in the present volume is a letter to Mr. Bancroft, dated London, Dec. 19, 1777, unsigned, and whose authorship has not been established. It runs as follows:—

"Sir, Knowing your Connection with the American Commissioners at Paris, I beg leave to inform you it is intended by Government, immediately after the present Recess, to make Parliamentary Offers for ending our unhappy war in America, and I am by desire of a Person of high rank to request, that you will give me some general intimation concerning the Terms which are likely to satisfy the Congress, and People of America. I flatter myself, that you will readily concur in endeavouring by such intimation to render effectual the sincere, and earnest wish of Government for Peace, and I must hope it may yet be obtained, on Terms a little short of absolute Independence; on Terms which may save the Honor of the Crown, by leaving his Majesty, not only a nominal Sovereignty, but the exercise of some small regal Prerogatives, particularly that of Putting America into a State of War and Peace with Great Britain, and thereby, of connecting and binding the two countries together, in respect of their Alliances, Wars, means of defence, and Commerce, with such other Concessions, as shall be mutually Beneficial to both. The Subject on which I write is of so delicate a nature, that you will excuse the Omission of my name; as you will readily know it by the Hand writing."

The intrigues of the French and Spanish courts, the anxiety with which every step in the colonies was watched and its importance and possible consequences weighed, the constant fear that England might reach an agreement with the Revolutionists, and thereby rob France at the last moment of the advantages she hoped to gain by fishing in troubled waters—all these phases of the history of the period stand out in the cautious, dispassionate phraseology of diplomatic correspondence. Mr. Stevens has recently announced that this series will be completed in five additional volumes, and that he will then leave to younger hands the publication of the historical treasures relating to other phases of the period. His work has brought him fame and the gratitude of his countrymen, even though they are forced by a paternal government to pay \$5 duty on every volume of a publication that deals with the making of their country.

Children's Games

The Traditional Games of England, Scotland and Ireland, with Tunes, Singing-rhymes and Methods of Playing According to the Variants Extant and Recorded in different Parts of the Kingdom. Collected and Annotated by Alice Bertha Gomme. Vol. 1. Accrington—Nuts in May. London: David Nutt.

CHILDREN DO NOT INVENT, but they mimic and modify; therefore their games are mostly traditional, and often survivals of ancient religious and social ceremonies. Primitive cults, long since vanished from human knowledge, may be discovered imbedded in these childish sports. It is probable that, by careful study, all these games may be reduced to comparatively few types, and these types traced back to primitive folk-lore. Mrs. Gomme's large volume is a mine of riches to the student of folk-lore, anthropology and comparative religion. Perhaps the most ancient and universal of games for which we have not yet found any religious or social origin, is that of "Jackstones." The Greek soldiers played it before the time of Xenophon, and it is depicted on Greek vases. The Romans called it *Talus*, and there is in the British Museum a statuary group of two boys quarrelling over this game. The statue belongs to the Imperial period of Rome. Savages the world over play the game.

"Jackstones," or "Hucklebones," or "Five Stones"—all names of the same things—have been found in the débris of the Lake Dwellings. In Japan it is called "Taduna." The Russians, old and young, have played it from time immemorial. Sometimes pebbles are used, sometimes the joint bones of sheep. When the writer was a boy, the favorite jackstones were the small, flat bones found in the head of the cat-fish, just above the eye. "Blind Man's Buff" is traceable to prehistoric worship. The author gives some facsimiles from an ancient missal, where the illuminations represent this game. The hoodwinked player was known as "Billy Blynde." Prof. Child thinks that he represents the blind god Odin. In Scotland the blind man of the game is called "Blind Harie," perhaps in allusion to a shaggy attire. This would identify him with the devil. The gods of one cult become the demons of another. The rationale of the game would seem to imply that the hoodwinked one represented the devil. "Hornie," another game described in this volume, is manifestly a survival of an ancient devil-play. There is a large family of games similar to "Follow the Leader," which appears to come down to us from the ancient choral dances. Some of them forcibly suggest the origin of the Dancing Mania of the Middle Ages. Had we the space to quote the songs which accompany these games, their derivation and devolution would be obvious. Some of them contain relics of totemism and recall the ceremonial dances of the Zúfi; others are suggestive of primitive sun and star worship. All recall, in one way or another, the religious ceremonial circuit common to all ethnic worship.

The curious game of "Merry-Ma-Tausa" includes both relics of sun worship and customs of primitive betrothal and marriage. In "King William" is preserved the custom, now obsolete, of disguising the bride and placing her among the bridesmaids for the groom to select. "All the Boys in Our Town" has come down from the custom of marriage by capture. "Nuts in May" has the same origin. Writing on the "Cushion Dance," Mrs. Gomme inquires: "May not the custom of throwing old and worn-out shoes after the bride have arisen from the practice of dancing? The danced-out shoes may have been used." This is too simple to be true. The custom dates from a period when shoes were not so easily worn out. The idea of good luck which accompanies it shows that it belongs to the notion of the footsteps of the gods, the divine presence and gracious favor. "Hop-Scotch" is treated extensively but not completely in this volume. The game is a survival from the ancient labyrinth. Pliny and other ancients mention it. The Christians adopted it as the symbol of the difficult journey of the soul to heaven. At the same time they changed the form of the diagram to the shape of the basilica. From the labyrinth were evolved the Stations of the Cross. Our author does not mention the names "bake oven," "goose heaven," etc., which children now give to the several compartments. "Jack's Alive" and the "Priest's Cat" are probably derived from ancient funeral games. The saining torch occurs in the games "Green Rushes," "Green Gravel" and "Hot Cockles." Vestiges of divination and magic appear in many games, as "Alligoshie," "Ball," "Monday, Tuesday" and "Mother, Mother, the Pot boils Over." Football has been evolved from the ancient game of "Camp," and this can be carried back to the sports of the Roman soldiers. It is interesting to note, before closing, how "Cats-cradle" is a favorite game of many savage tribes, as it has been of some royal personages in Bedlam and out of it.

Criticism is not called for, except that we could wish that Mrs. Gomme had, by cross-references, grouped her games, and given a wider view of the subject. Perhaps a further volume will repair this fault. Folk-lore gains in usefulness by being set forth comparatively. The character of the origin and purpose of many of these games, the author has not ventured to suggest. A specialist will search them out, but the average reader will hardly appreciate the value of Mrs. Gomme's labors, for want of a key to the meaning of her material. This key ought to come in a subsequent

volume. An index to the whole, with cross-references, would render this a work of exceptional value.

"Windfalls of Observation"

Gathered for the Edification of the Young and the Solace of Others.
By Edward Sanford Martin. Charles Scribner's Sons.

ON THESE LAZY summer days, when the mind, like the body, covets only light refreshment, a collection of gay and breezy essays is a decided boon. It is pleasant to read them aloud under the trees, and when the subjects they deal with are familiar and personal enough to provoke discussion and form an incentive to mild flirtation, nothing more need be desired. It is to such an audience in such a mood that Mr. Martin appeals, and he tries to satisfy the most varied tastes. Paterfamilias in his library at home may shake his wise head over the evils attending "The Travel Habit," or laugh at the vicissitudes which are begotten of the horse-trade. His stately lady, who chaperones her daughters at the seashore, may refresh herself by learning what our climate can do for us, or may congratulate herself that her woman's intuition is, perhaps, helping to produce a genius. "For the intuitive faculty," says Mr. Martin, "pertains to genius as well as to femininity. Genius does not stop to reason. It arrives, by a sudden and immediate process, which it inherited from its mother. It knows, it knows not how. It only knows that it knows, as women do." The youth of the house may read of college, or study the "Question of an Occupation." And my lady's daughter can find many a hint for gracious conversation.

In dealing with his varied subjects, Mr. Martin always tries to make his touch light and graceful. But the effort is sometimes too apparent, and when the style is labored, it is ruined. He rambles on in a haphazard sort of way, expressing any idea that comes into his head, and making no effort to confine himself to his subject. Consequently these "windfalls" are sketches rather than essays, formless, scattered, diffuse. Nevertheless, there is a good deal of wisdom under the bright, superficial exterior, and the writer often says a clever thing. "It shows how green our civilization still is," he writes, "and how much the world has to learn, that no treatment has been devised to remedy a defective sense of humor." But his own humor is of the gentle kind that is never boisterous, nor irresistible. One smiles at it vaguely and then wonders what has caused the smile. But this delicate humor is most effective in the more serious work, to which it gives lightness and grace. The essay "As to Death" is one of the most original, and its ideas are happily expressed. Its key-note is the sentence, "Nothing that we know about death warrants us in thinking so meanly of it as we do." The influence of the book is wholesome throughout, and Mr. Martin's humor helps to simplify some serious problems by changing their position under the light, and throwing the aggressive sides in shadow. They do not call for the least mental exercise, but they have about them a mild and gentle stimulus which is welcome.

Educational Literature

"INDUCTIVE EXERCISES IN ENGLISH GRAMMAR," by W. R. Harper, Ph.D., and J. B. Burgess, A.M., is intended for use in classes of somewhat advanced grade in common schools, with special reference to teaching the pupil to think out the reason for the form or construction, instead of merely memorizing the facts concerning it; and it is, on the whole, well adapted to this purpose. Here and there we note inaccuracies or omissions. For instance, *born* is said to be the past participle of *bear*, "to give birth to," as *borne* is of *bear*, "to carry." But we cannot say "she has born a child," though we may say "a child was born"; nor can we use *born* before the preposition *by*. In the comments upon the use of prepositions we find this statement:—"Sometimes the more accurate expression is not permissible in English; we cannot say *they will meet to the corner*, although *meet* clearly expresses *motion toward*, but must use the more indefinite phrase *at the corner*"; and it is added in a foot-note that, "if we expect our pupils to be intelligent, we must not rebuke them too sharply when they use their intelligence in saying *to meet to*." We doubt whether any boy or girl ten years old would ever say *to meet to*; and it is amazing that a college president and a college professor should unite in calling

this "the more accurate expression." *Meet* of course implies previous motion, but it does not "express motion"; and *at* is the proper preposition to follow it, as certainly as with *halt*, *stop* and many similar words that imply motion. So we say *meet in a place*, not *into* it, which these wise men of Chicago would consider "more accurate." It is no more than fair, however, to say that these lapses are few and far between in the book. (American Book Co.)

IN HIS "French Reader for Advanced Classes," Prof. P. Bercy has compiled an unusually attractive book of annotated stories from contemporaneous writers, nearly all of which are new as well as pure. The French masters excel in these brief, brilliant, episodic stories, which take a single trait, a single pregnant incident or characteristic, and work out of it a thread of gold. The book is very accurately printed, but we notice errors on pp. 124 (at foot), 176, 189, 193, 270 (l. 30), 271 ("litter"), 279, 303 (*send for sent*), 304 (*sherif*), etc.—errors perhaps unavoidable. *Felix qui potuit!* (W. R. Jenkins).—MR. C. P. DUCROQUET'S "College Preparatory French Grammar" is a manual crowded with exercises, "conversations," word lists, idioms and rules, designed for students' entrance examinations to college. Not everyone can make a French grammar. "Sire," said Boileau wittily to Louis XIV., "nothing is impossible to your Majesty; you have desired to make bad verses, and you have—succeeded perfectly!" Many grammarians have desired to make French grammars and have *not* succeeded. They lacked either lucidity, or logic, or good arrangement, or simplicity of definition. Mr. Ducroquet's volume undertakes too much, we think, for a one year's course. It is too full of detail: the author is too conscientious, and gives us too much for our money. Anyone, however, working patiently through this book will, in Hans Andersen's phrase, "go in lean and come out fat"—will, in plain English, be an excellent French scholar at the end of the course. It winds up with experimental examination papers to serve as object lessons for the aspiring examinee. (W. R. Jenkins).—ANYONE WHO WANTS to become "tender in prose and cruel in verse," as Mme. de Sévigné said of a celebrated satirist, may start at once on the attractive career by studying the limpid French tongue in Prof. A. van Daell's "Introduction to the French Language." This thorough little book has made free use of Littré's and Darmesteter-Hatzfeld's dictionaries, Dussouchet's exercises and Ayer's, Chas-sang's, Cronsé's and Mötzner's grammars (of the last-named there is an American translation). Prof. van Daell's book is the outgrowth of a practical teacher's experience with large classes and contains questions in French and English, irregular verbs (note wrong past participle of *conclure* in past indefinite tense, p. 52), exercises, syntax, and an unusually good vocabulary. The author gives generously and accurately of all these things, realizing Mollevant's saying, "Qui ne vit que pour soi, vit pour bien peu de chose." (Ginn & Co.)

ONE IS DELIGHTED to see that Italian is not altogether left out in the race for modern language study nowadays, when one would think, from their numerous and incessant publications, that French and German were the only tongues taught or read in colleges. Prof. W. L. Montague of Amherst has just printed a welcome volume of "Modern Italian Readings in Prose and Poetry," devoted to writers of this century, and accompanied by grammatical, explanatory and biographical notes. Many prominent novelists, historians and poets are represented in the selections: Amicis, Serao, Verga, Barrili, Gioberti, Foscolo, Manzoni, Leopardi, Carducci, Giusti, etc., names unknown (alas!) to the modern college curriculum. It is a great pity that this beautiful tongue is not more studied, for few literatures lead up to such a sublime phenomenon, Mont-Blanc-like in beauty and majesty, as the "Divina Commedia," and few be the intellectual *Alpinistes* that climb it. (Boston: C. Schoenhof.)—THE SECOND VOLUME of the "Studies and Notes in Philology and Literature," published under the direction of the Modern Language Departments of Harvard University, has recently been published. The make-up of this bulletin is fair. The first article, which covers 120 of the 220 pages in the book, is on the language of Chaucer's "Legend of Good Women," by Dr. John M. Manly, Ph.D., '89, who furnishes, also, an extensive vocabulary, after the example set by Prof. Kittredge for Chaucer's "Troilus." The next article, by Prof. Kuno Francke, speculates upon the influence of the "Hypnerotomachia Poliphili" upon the composition and conception of the second part of Goethe's "Faust." A really useful piece of what the Germans call *Ursprung* investigation is done by W. H. Carruth, '89, on "Expressions of German National feeling in Historical and Poetical Literature from the Middle of the Tenth Century to the Time of Walther von der Vogelweide." Prof. E. S. Sheldon, '72, treats of the "Names of the Letters"; Prof. A. R. Marsh, '83, contributes a note on "El Tirano Castigado" of Lope de Vega, and with reference to a passage in the same piece

Juan Riaño interprets the symbolism of an antique altar frontal. W. H. Schofield, '93, investigates the "Origin and History of the seventh day in Boccaccio's Decameron" and R. L. Weeks, '90, suggests a method whereby we may record the soft palate movements in speech. From this description our readers can judge of the quality of the work that is being accomplished in this Department. There are some curious reproductions of woodcuts in the original edition of the "Hypnerotomachia," and a folding-plate of the ancient Spanish altar frontal. (Ginn & Co.)

THE "INTRODUCTION TO Theme-Writing," by Messrs. J. B. Fletcher and G. R. Carpenter, is based upon lectures delivered by the former teacher to the freshmen at Harvard, in 1893, and arranged for publication by the latter. The book is likely to be of service for freshman work in other colleges. (Boston: Allyn & Bacon.)—"A SYSTEM OF LUCID SHORTHAND," devised by William George Spencer, has been edited, with a prefatory note, by his son, Herbert Spencer, the well-known philosopher, who commends it very strongly, not only because he believes it to be better than any system now in vogue, but also "from the conviction, long since formed and still unshaken, that it *ought to replace ordinary writing*" (the italics are his own). It possesses, he says, "not equal legibility, but greater legibility," and has, at the same time, "the brevity which shorthands in general possess." It will, if adopted, "save more than half the time now devoted to writing," by all classes of people, and thus "achieve a large economy of life." Experience alone can test the validity of these claims, and practical phonographers are likely to make experiments with it. If it has the merits which Mr. Spencer ascribes to it, there can be little doubt that it will largely supersede other methods. (D. Appleton & Co.)

"THE STEP-BY-STEP PRIMER," by Eliza B. Burnz, is intended to illustrate the use of the "Burnz pronouncing print" in the first lessons in reading and spelling. The correct pronunciation is shown without new letters or change in spelling, being indicated by marks over or under the ordinary characters. Silent letters are printed in hairline type. The system, to which we have referred on a former occasion, is ingenious; and it is claimed that it will enable children to advance as far in one year as they would in three years with the systems in common use. The experiment is certainly worth trying. An edition of "The Sermon on the Mount" has been prepared in the same typography for use in teaching illiterate and foreign pupils in Sunday-schools and missions. Mrs. Burnz, by the way, writes to us that our impression that, in her new phonetic orthography, she favors the suppression of the *r* sound in such words as *port*, *hard*, etc., was a misconception. She hopes that her system will tend to the correction of this and other growing errors in pronunciation—like the confusing of long *o* and *aw*, etc. She adds:—"The establishment of any phonetic alphabet would 'prevent such cacophony.' Until one is generally accepted, the greatest aid in producing a uniform and correct pronunciation would be the use of a pronouncing print in primary school readers; supplemented by daily short drills in the higher departments on the forty or more elementary sounds of English, and on their combinations into spoken words. Neither of these aids is used in school to any considerable extent; certainly not in the public schools of New York." (24 Clinton Place, New York: Burnz & Co.)

JOHN FISKE'S "The War of Independence" is presented as a double number in the Riverside Literature Series, and in this form will serve as a pocket manual to the young students who desire to have a clear view of the great struggle. Besides a preface from the author, there is a very interesting biographical sketch of the historian himself, and an appendix on collateral reading, with a good index and map. The language is very simple and the style winningly clear. Mr. Fiske is one of those wise men who believe that children have some interest in the causes of things. Having already sailed on the seas of literature for five years, under the flag of the Riverside Library for Young People, the little craft now moves out into larger waters under the new banner of the Riverside Literature Series. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)—PROF. WILLIAM SWINTON'S delightfully simple and clear little book, "First Lessons in Our Country's History," has reached its majority. It was first published in 1872, and since then has been revised and enlarged, reset and illustrated anew, and now concludes its texts and pictures with the Columbian World's Fair. It is a pity that the learned Professor perpetuates the mistake of saying that the Dutch named their settlement in the Hudson River country "New Netherlands," when in reality they gave it a name in the singular number, "New Netherland," in token of their united republic, one and indivisible. Those who study Bandelier, Cushman, and Lummis cannot any longer translate El Dorado as the "land of gold" since

el hombre dorado meant "the gilded man." It is not exactly true that the Pilgrims did not belong to "a sect which had arisen in England," called Puritans. They were *puritans* in their desire for pure life; but they were Separatists, and did not believe in the union of Church and State, as did the Puritans, and our children ought to know it. It is not true that the Pilgrims "did not like it" (Leyden). They did like and praise the "city of fair situation," but they didn't like poverty, restriction, or getting into the war with Spain, which was to re-open in 1621. With the exception of a few such slips as these, the book is excellent. (American Book Co.)

AMONG THE NUMEROUS excursions into the realms of literature by the late Bayard Taylor, those which fascinated him most were connected with Germany and her literature. It is not surprising, therefore, that, being desirous of making Germany's past more familiar to his countrymen, he should have written a brief history of that country. At the request of his publishers, his widow consented to edit a new edition of his "History of Germany," and at the same time wrote a chapter covering events from 1871 till the present date. It is a purely political and military history, and must bear the stigma that attaches itself nowadays to a work of this character. As the work seems to have been intended mainly for the school-room, the absence of all discussion of the deeper problems involved should not be blamed. But, surely, it would have been better if some of the ceaseless and petty quarrels of graf and herzog, of bishop and archbishop, had been omitted, and a full account of feudalism, its evils and benefits, been given instead. In a modern school history of Germany, some account of the theory of the Holy Roman Empire, of the relation of Church and State, of the main outlines of constitutional history, are indispensable. German history, as treated by Bayard Taylor, is as unmeaning as the pre-Norman period in England was before Palgrave, Kemble and Stubbs. With the rapid progress in historical science, it is rare that a school history twenty years old is one we should like to see in use in the schools of to-day. (D. Appleton & Co.)

ON NOVEMBER 20, 1893, the distinguished historian W. E. H. Lecky delivered an address on "The Empire" "as an introduction to the course of lectures and conferences on the history and resources of the different portions of the Empire," given in the Imperial Institute. Like the address on "The Political Value of History" of last year, this has been published in a small but well-made volume. During the last few years, says Lecky, a great revolution has taken place in England's opinion as to the real value of her colonies. Not many years ago prominent Englishmen thought that these "vast dominions were not merely useless, but detrimental to the mother-country." This was preeminently the opinion of the Manchester *laissez-faire* school of economists. These opinions, the lecturer says, never "penetrated very deeply into the English nation," and during the last few years "a far warmer" and in his opinion far "nobler and more healthy feeling towards India and the colonies has grown up." The reasons for this change of opinion he analyzes most briefly, and suggests some means for further consolidating the Empire. He then sketches some of the characteristic methods by which the island kingdom was expanded into a vast empire. Like M. Pierre Bonnassieux, he points out that the colonies were in the main acquired and developed by private enterprise with the Government's sanction, but not with its assistance. The address is characteristic of Lecky's mental traits: it is optimistic, patriotic, and suggests more than it says. It is written in his usual simple style, and contains his inevitable fling at the evolutionary school of historians. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

BISHOP CREIGHTON'S "History of the Papacy during the Reformation," forming the fifth volume of his comprehensive work, covers the period 1517-1527, from the Reuchlin controversy to the sack of Rome and the subsequent flight of Clement VII. The author gives us a wholly dispassionate account of a period, the histories of which have too often been colored with ecclesiastical prejudice. He contrasts the humanism of Germany with that of Italy, and shows how the revival of learning, which in the latter country became merely a "mental attitude," transplanted into Germany developed into a "reforming and progressive system." He shows that the revolt in Germany was the culmination of forces that had long been at work. In his critical habit of thought Luther had been anticipated, in the previous century, by Johann Wessel; but Wessel was an abstract reasoner, while Luther was a born leader with whom to conceive was to execute; hence the process of reasoning, which in one case merely developed an opinion, and in the other set in operation mighty forces. What is especially interesting in this work is the clear perspective it affords the reader, the critical analysis of the character of the principal political leaders, and the demonstration of their connection with preceding move-

ments. There does not appear to be any "central figure" in the work; the author evidently has no favorites. He unfolds the tangled politics of a time when Church and State were struggling for supremacy, and presents a graphic account of those eventful ten years, during which the Papacy fell from a position almost dictatorial among the powers of Europe until its incumbent became a fugitive. There is a copious appendix and an altogether inadequate index. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

THOSE WHO MAY NOT have access to the original writings of Alfred Binet, and to those authors whose work he summarizes, will find in the authorized translation of his "Psychic Life of Micro-Organisms," a little volume of 120 pages, a philosophical treatise of no mean worth. In orderly arrangement, concise form and accurate delineation it places before the English reader the recent researches on the vital phenomena of the lowest plant and animal organisms. The ordinary reader will be surprised and impressed by the results thus brought together from the observations of French and German investigators. The more scientific, who have been reading Spencer, Romanes, Weissman and others, will find in Binet something worthy of their consideration. The psychologist, also, will find here the very roots of his philosophy. Some of us may not agree with all of Binet's conclusions; but, like a good scientist, he indicates the grounds upon which not all are in accord. The work of the translator is all that could be desired: simple English is used with scientific accuracy. To the publishers, in their attempt to make accessible to the general reader some of the best thought and results of modern research in the realm of pure science, are due the thanks and support of the enquirers after truth. (Open Court Publishing Co.)

IT IS UNFORTUNATE that Prof. George F. Atkinson's "The Study of the Biology of Ferns by the Collodion Method," which contains so much that is good, should invite adverse criticism by a poorly selected title. In the first place, the author's "collodion method" has been unduly magnified, and its appearance in the title is without excuse; in the second place, the title proclaims that his biology has been fitted to a Procrustean bed, and is therefore incomplete biology, which would better be named *morphology*. For every biologist knows that that great part of biology having to do with the relation of the organism to its environment cannot be studied by the use of collodion. The book consists of 134 pages, divided into two parts. Part I., covering 100 pages, gives the morphology of *filices* and *ophioglossae*; Part II., of 28 pages, describes the methods of preparation. The text is followed by 4 pages of bibliography and by an index. Part I., Chapter I., deals with the *gametophyte*; the five following chapters give the morphology and development of the *sporophyte*, with the development of spores and dehiscence of *sporangia*; Chapter VII. is on substitutionary growths; and the last chapter, the 8th, treats of the *ophioglossae*. The first part of the book is well written and copiously illustrated with mostly very good figures, all of which are, rather singularly, original. In the text there is but little original matter, but the whole subject is so well and fully presented, that the student may, by following the book, gain a good knowledge of the morphology of this group of plants. Part II. gives the methods for preparing collodion solutions, for cultivating spores, for killing, hardening, embedding and cutting into sections the various organs. The method for embedding is more laborious than need be, and it is a little surprising, considering the other details, that no processes of staining are given. Provided the student has already attained some skill in microscopical technique, this book can be commended to him—notwithstanding its lack of proper coordination—as affording one of the easiest means of gaining a working knowledge of the development and morphology of ferns. (Macmillan & Co.)

IN "LABORATORY STUDIES in Elementary Chemistry," by Le Roy C. Cooley, Ph.D., we have one more witness to the growth of the idea that the study of science even in its rudiments can best be done in the laboratory. Perhaps no science lends itself more easily to the laboratory instruction of classes than chemistry, and, certainly, with none is laboratory work more essential. As its name implies, the manual before us is designed to introduce the beginner to the fundamental facts of chemistry. A few pages at the end are given to the analysis of compounds, but the main object of the book is to lead the student step by step to the acquisition of a knowledge of chemical phenomena, by a series of judiciously arranged experiments. These experiments are well chosen, and the instructions given are so specific that the student can easily carry them out, and get the lesson of each. (American Book Co.)—IN THE PREFACE to his "Practical Methods in Microscopy," Mr. Charles H. Clark states that "this book is professedly for begin-

ners and private workers." It must therefore be criticised on its usefulness in the field thus chosen. As the author declares, there is no book of recent date that gives in a simple way the physics of the microscope and methods of preparation for microscopical study, such as killing, dehydrating, section-cutting, staining and mounting. There is, therefore, plenty of room for such a work as the present one, and it must be said that Mr. Clark has succeeded fairly well in presenting much information of value to those not having the advantage of special training. Just at those points, however, where the book touches on finer manipulation, it is weak. Not only is sufficient detail for methods of procedure lacking, but the method itself is sometimes not adapted for wide use. For instance, though the author's method for embedding plant and animal tissues in paraffin may succeed in some cases, it certainly would destroy preparation in many. To those who have been struggling along by themselves in the dark, in the effort to learn the lessons which the microscope may teach, this manual, with its elucidation of physical principles, its direction to the selection and preparation of both plant and animal organs, and its formulae for reagents and stains, will prove a great help. (D. C. Heath & Co.)—"THE AMATEUR AQUARIST," telling how to equip and maintain a self-sustaining aquarium, and giving full instructions for selecting the best fresh-water fishes and plants, and for keeping them in health, by Mark Samuel, Aquarist to Columbia College, is written in a style that is bright and pleasing. It gives ample directions for selecting an aquarium, for fitting it up, for selecting plants and fish, for proper balance of vital conditions, for finding good scavengers, and for dealing with diseases and other troubles which often so interfere with the amateur's aquarium as to turn his anticipated pleasure into hopeless disappointment. This book is just what is needed by those who want home aquaria. (Baker & Taylor Co.)

"ELECTRIC WAVES: Being Researches on the Propagation of Electric Action with finite Velocity through Space," by Heinrich Hertz, is no ordinary collection of papers. It records the consummation of one of the greatest achievements of physical science, the identification of light waves with waves of electric induction. For it is shown that *induction*, by which any change in an electric current causes corresponding currents to flow in neighboring conductors, does not take place instantly at a distance, but that the inductive action is propagated with a definite velocity, which is the same as the velocity of light. At once the question is suggested, Are not light waves and waves of electric induction the same? And physical science unhesitatingly answers, They are. To Faraday must be given honor for the suggestion of the relation between light and electricity; the genius of Maxwell developed the idea till it stood out, a complete theory, in such harmony with what facts were known as to win the belief of most physicists; and now Hertz has been able to demonstrate by experiment the existence of electrical waves, and to reflect, refract and polarize them just as may be done with waves of light, and also to show that the velocity of each is the same, thus setting the seal of experimental demonstration on one of the most remarkable theories in the whole range of physics. The papers which record these experiments are reprinted just as they were originally published, and constitute a fitting memorial of one whose early death must be felt as a great loss to physical science. The translation is by Mr. D. E. Jones. (Macmillan & Co.)

THE PURPOSE OF "The Alchemical Essence and the Chemical Element: an Episode in the Quest of the Unchanging," by M. M. Pattison Muir, is found in a brief prefatory note, which informs us that "the essay is written with the hope that some of the men who exercise their 'wit and reason' in examining the problems of life may help to answer the questions that nature propounds to those of her students who follow the quest of the unchanging." Just in what way they are to help in this quest is left, perhaps, a little vague, and many plain people will probably still persist in thinking that there are some problems of life that are not to be solved in the laboratory. But the greater part of the essay is taken up with an account of the methods and aims of the old alchemists, as contrasted with those which characterize chemical science, and this part of the work is admirably done. The treatment of the alchemists will be found particularly interesting, though it is a little difficult for the nineteenth-century consciousness to think itself back into such a mental state as to be able to grasp sympathetically the thought of the essence or stone of wisdom, which, as we are informed, "philosophers in their books called by a thousand names; as, a heaven, celestial water, * * * a fiery burning spirit, * * * a dragon, * * * a vulture and hermetic bird." And we sympathize with the perplexed student who exclaimed, "This horrid beast has so many names that, unless God direct the searcher, it is impossible to distinguish him." The contrast between the alchemical way of

looking at material changes with its comparative barrenness, and the more fruitful methods and conception of modern chemistry, is developed clearly and simply and will be found both interesting and instructive. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

MR. EDWIN R. A. SELIGMAN, Columbia's Professor of Political Economy and Finance, has published a pamphlet on "Progressive Taxation in Theory and Practice," which may interest some of our readers. A tax is called progressive when it takes a larger percentage from large properties and incomes than it does from smaller ones, and the main question about such a tax is, whether it is just or not. Prof. Seligman devotes a long chapter to a history of progressive taxation, and then passes in review the various arguments that have been urged for and against such a tax, seeking to bring them all to the test of fundamental, ethical and economical principles. His discussion is long and complicated, and we cannot undertake here to analyze it, or to express any opinion on the various points at issue; but his own conclusion is that, "while progressive taxation is to a certain extent defensible as an ideal and as the expression of the theoretical demand for the shaping of taxes to the test of individual faculty, it is a matter of considerable difficulty to decide how far or in what manner the principle ought to be actually carried out in practice" (p. 199). Prof. Seligman's style is not always perfectly lucid, and, as the subject of this monograph is a dry one, the work is not likely to find many readers; but to special students its full and scholarly discussion of a really important branch of finance must prove extremely useful. (American Economic Association.)

"THE AUSTRIAN THEORY OF VALUE," by Prof. S. M. Macvane, is partly a continuation of some criticisms on that theory which he published in *The Quarterly Journal of Economics*, a few years ago, and partly a reply to a counter criticism by Prof. Wieser of the German University of Prague. Prof. Macvane writes in defence of the classical doctrine that value depends in the last analysis on cost of production, while the Austrian school contends that it depends on the marginal utility of the goods. In our opinion the classical school has much the best of the argument, and we agree with the author of this pamphlet, that its position has not been shaken in the least by the attacks that have been made upon it. Mr. Macvane, however, in this work does not spend much time in defending his own position, but is rather concerned with attacking that of his opponents, which he does very successfully. He shows what is the real significance of the theory of marginal utility, and also that the Austrians do not fully understand what cost of production is. Mr. Macvane presents his arguments in a clear style, which goes straight to the point; we heartily recommend his essay to all who are interested in the subject with which it deals. (Philadelphia: Amer. Acad. of Political and Social Science.)

THE "REPORT of the Commissioner of Education for the Year 1890-91" has just been received. Why it has been so long delayed we do not know; but we can see no good reason why any Government bureau should allow its work to be nearly three years behind time. The most interesting statistics in the present report are those giving a general view of the public schools of the United States, and those relating to education in the civilized world as a whole. These figures show in a striking manner the great superiority in educational matters of the countries of northern and central Europe and the Anglo-Saxon countries, over those of southern and eastern Europe and South America, to say nothing of Asia and Africa. This state of things, however, gives an added interest to certain portions of this report, particularly to those chapters describing the recent educational reforms in Russia and Japan—countries which have but recently entered the family of civilized nations, and even now are far behind in their provisions for education. The report contains, also, accounts of elementary education in Great Britain and Ireland, of secondary education in New Zealand, and of education in Corea, Italy and Hawaii, some of the articles having been written by well-informed residents of the countries concerned, and others by officers of the Bureau. Besides all these papers on education in general, the first volume of the Report contains a somewhat extended account of legal education in the United States and elsewhere, which has been prepared at the request of the American Bar Association, and is prefaced by a very interesting discussion by a committee of that Association as to what legal education should be. The Report contains, further, brief extracts from educational writers on a great variety of topics which are now under discussion, and some of which are of great importance to the intellectual and moral advancement of the American people and of the world. (Washington: Government Printing Office.)

Shakespeariana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Shakespeare Folios and Quartos at Auction in London.—A remarkable lot of these old editions was sold at Sotheby's in London on the 11th of June. It came from the library of Mr. Birket Foster, who, in the words of the local auctioneers, is "declining housekeeping." Few libraries can boast of a copy of each of the four Folio editions of Shakespeare, and Mr. Foster was the possessor of the set. The First Folio brought the unusual sum of 255*l.*, though the copy has all the faults common to its class. For a perfect one like that of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, or of Mr. Locker-Lampson, the price would run well into four figures. The Second Folio, 1632, fetched only 56*l.*, but the Third, 1664 (most of the impressions were burnt in the Great Fire), reached 130*l.*, while the Fourth realized 25*l.* The quarto editions of single plays brought prices that far exceeded anything previously recorded. "A Midsummer Night's Dream," 1600, large copy, realized 122*l.*—the last good copy was sold for 116*l.*; "The Merchant of Venice," 1600, went for 146*l.*—Daniel's copy some years ago fetched 99*l.* 15*s.*; the spurious play, "The History of Sir John Oldcastle," 1600, sold for 41*l.*; and the other suppositious play, "A Yorkshire Tragedie," 1619, realized 38*l.*; "King Lear," 1608, sold for 100*l.*—Daniel's copy only brought 29*l.* 8*s.*—and the fairly good copy of "Henry V.," 1608, sold for 51*l.* The edition of Shakespeare's "Poems," 1640, fetched 40*l.*

The 1640 Edition of Shakespeare's Poems.—The London journals that give an account of the sale of the Birket Foster books, refer to this as "the first collected edition of Shakespeare's Poems"; and it may be so called, though not containing all the poems and including many by other writers. It is curious that its contents are not described accurately by any editor or bibliographer that I had been able to consult before publishing my revised edition of the Poems in 1890. The revised (1893) Cambridge edition reprints, without correction, the statement of the first edition that the 1640 volume contains "a number of the Sonnets, together with some of the poems from 'The Passionate Pilgrim,'" etc. The fact is that it contains 146 of the 154 Sonnets (all except 18, 19, 43, 56, 75, 76, 96 and 126) and *all* the poems of "The Passionate Pilgrim." Knight and some other critics say that it has "the greater part" of these latter poems. There are also the following pieces:—"The Phenix and the Turtle"; the lines "Why should this a desert be," etc. (from "As You Like It," iii. 2, 133 fol.); the song, "Take, O take those lips away" (the stanza in "Measure for Measure," iv. 1, 1 fol., with the additional stanza ascribed to Fletcher, "Hide, O hide those hills of snow," etc.); nine poems (not including the spurious ones in "The Passionate Pilgrim") falsely ascribed to Shakespeare; five eulogies on Shakespeare; and, in an appendix, thirteen poems "By other gentlemen." Two of these are by Ben Jonson; the authorship of the others, so far as I am aware, has not been traced.

I may add that the revised Cambridge edition makes no reference to the fact that the poems usually numbered xiv. and xv. in "The Passionate Pilgrim" ("Good night, good rest," etc. and "Lord, how mine eyes throw glances to the east," etc.) have been shown by Dowden and myself to be really one; and this is confirmed by their being printed as one in the 1640 volume.

A Strange Story of a Stratford Churchwarden.—*The Pall Mall Gazette* says:—"It is a pity that the Americans are not allowed to buy Stratford-on-Avon and transport it to the States. They would at least treat it with the respect it deserves, which is more than we do. A short time ago the carved oak doors which were placed at the north end of the church a century before Shakespeare was born were temporarily removed; whereupon a utilitarian churchwarden sold them as lumber. The purchaser intends to build a pigsty with them. Those of the inhabitants who have heard of Shakespeare are indignant. And so what the purchaser bought at the price of a pigsty he is willing to resell at the price of historic relics."

The same paper printed on June 14 a picture of the doors, accompanied by the following note:—"The doors * * * have been restored by the purchaser, and will, it is hoped, soon be back again on their old hinges. They are of massive panelled oak of the Perpendicular style, with Gothic-shaped tops, studded, and hammered iron fittings. Undoubtedly they were up when the north porch was built circa 1460, the north aisle having been erected temp. Edward I., and the porch added a century and a half later. The removal of the doors, which was effected about two years ago, since which they were stored away in a shed as lumber, seems to have been decided upon because, when thrown back, they obscured some old carvings on the inside of the porch and two pre-Reformation holy-water stoups."

A Later Reply

I HEARD THY SONG, thou gentle swain,
And answered thee in pleasant strain,
That all the pleasures thou could'st prove,
Did move me not to be thy love.

I told thee age would dull delight;
On sunny day fall chilling night;
And all thy pretty pleasures pall
When care did life and love enthrall.

I left thee, shepherd, to thy flocks,
Thy peaceful meads and mossy rocks,
To drive thy wandering sheep a-fold
When nights grew long and days grew cold.

I have for kirtles, gowns of lace,
For rosy cheeks, a painted face;
My nights have been for gaiety,
And gallants fine have courted me.

But doubt have I of things to be,
And hollow words are whispered me,
My fruit of life hath ashen core,
And faith and peace abide no more.

And therefore do I turn to thee
In search of sweet serenity,
I fly the things that I did prove
And come to thee to be thy love.

BELLEVILLE, ILL., Oct. 1893.

C. W. T.

The Lounger

"TWO YOUNG WOMEN, for whom I had written several riddles and puzzle rhymes, having asked for 'something harder,'" writes Christopher L. Ward of Wilmington, Del., "I sent them the following original riddle:—

'When you seek a harder question
To unriddle, your suggestion,
I am sure, itself suggests its answer plain.
It has puzzled many sages
Of many lands and ages,
But, no doubt you will not tackle it in vain.'

It will be seen that by taking the first letter of the first line, the second of the next and so on for five lines, the word 'Woman' is made. They deciphered this and, to my unbounded astonishment, pointed out to me the further fact, which they had discovered, that the letters immediately following those which made the concealed word formed the word 'Assy.' In writing it I intended it only to contain 'Woman' and had no idea that I was hiding any other word in a similar manner. When we consider the chances against any word being accidentally formed in such a way, and the infinitely greater chances against such a word being an opprobrious synonym for the word intentionally concealed, the fortuitous combination of the letters forming the second word must be regarded as a very extraordinary coincidence and one worthy of note in these days of arguments deduced from 'literary ciphers.'

THERE IS NO GETTING around the arguments of children. One little girl that I know picked up a book in my presence and began reading backward, starting with the last chapter. I remonstrated with her for this bit of topsyturvydom, telling her that this was not the way to read a book—that she should begin at the beginning, and read to the end, and not vice-versa. "Don't people read for pleasure?" she asked. "Usually," I replied. "Well, I do *always*, and I get no pleasure out of reading any other way," said she; "so what's the harm?" If I had explained "the harm" to her, she would not have seen it. As she said, she read for pleasure, and that was the way she found it. That it would affect all her mental processes if practised for any length of time was a small matter. You never can make people see the harm of anything that does not show its bad effects at once. I saw a man eat a banana after his soup, one evening. I did not know him well enough to remonstrate, but some one else at the table did, and his answer was very much like the little girl's about reading. "I like a thing when I want it," said he, "and I can't see what difference it makes whether I take it then or when I don't want it." I heard afterward that he was taking an ocean voyage to cure a case of chronic indigestion, and I was not surprised, though I dare say that he wondered what had knocked him out.

IN LOOKING OVER an autograph dealer's catalogue, I remarked the number of contemporary and not-very-famous signatures that were catalogued at fifty and twenty-five cents each. "What do

you do with all this stuff?" I asked. "That is my chicken-feed," he answered with a laugh. "I scatter that before the eyes of the young collector to tempt him. They are cheap and he knows the names; he wants to be a 'collector' and this is the way he begins. After a while he wants better things. His digestion is capable of something stronger than contemporary signatures, and he works up to letters, then manuscripts. By this time he is a full-fledged collector, for the autograph appetite is one that grows by what it feeds on."

AN ENGLISH WRITER gives some amusing instances of authors attempting to "boom" their own books. "One writer," he says, "finding that his work had not been taken up by the library, insisted on presenting a copy, and then applied for it at various times at six different stalls throughout the country, and was indignant at always having the presentation copy sent to him. *No one else had ever asked for it.* Another author paid a twelve-shilling subscription in order to ask for his own book. Yet a third instance is that of a lady who wrote from an important place saying there was a difficulty in getting a particular new book. Why did the library not have more copies? The letter was sent to the clerk of the bookstall where the lady had applied, and he identified it. The lady—and her name is very well known, we are told—was the writer of the book."

ONE OF THE most delicate little trifles that have come from our friends the publishers in many a day is "Monsieur le Marquis de — (1780–1793), Mémoires Inédits, Recueillis par Walter Herries Pollock," issued by Remington & Co., London. I recommend this little book to all lovers of what is artistic and original, and quote from a English contemporary the following lines inspired by its beauty:—

"With noble mien and lordly look,
The Marquis sits within his book.
In letters black and letters red,
The Marquis steps with measured tread.
With margin wide to grace his page,
The Marquis occupies the stage.
The bawling mob, the kennel crew,
That pour and roar the wide street through,
The Marquis lifts his head to hear
With proud disdain and silent sneer.
Outside—but not within these leaves—
They bawl, this scum of drabs and thieves,
'Death to the Marquis!' Calm and proud
He goes to meet the murderous crowd.
Nor goes alone. With courteous air
He leads the Marchioness to share
The curses of the rabble rout,
The lifted axe, the savage shout.
The pike triumphant with his head—
These be the memoirs edited.

If dainty words and dainty dress,
And page of dainty loveliness,
And dainty cover, dainty print,
Don't make a dainty book, the Devil's in't."

"THREE YEARS AGO, in London, at dinner," said Chauncey M. Depew in 1890, "I sat beside Robert Browning, the poet. He said to me, 'Of all the places in the world, the one which from its literary societies sends me the most intelligent and thoughtful criticisms upon my poetry, is Chicago.' And this was six years before the Fair had come to quicken the intelligence and refine the taste of our neighbors beyond the Lake."

I CAN FANCY A MAN who has met with a great affliction exclaiming to himself, in the secrecy of his closet, "Eloi, Eloi, lama Sabachthani!" but I cannot fancy his doing so in the market-place. Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, the English poet, has had the misfortune to lose his wife, and has issued a four-page circular announcement of the fact to his friends. On the first page, I learn from the London *Literary World*, "appear only the solemn words" quoted above. The paper in question prints the entire contents of the circular, which it praises as standing "in beautiful contrast to the hideous and meaningless funeral-card of convention." There is no doubt about the contrast being great: whether or no it is beautiful is a question of taste.

W. J. R. WRITES:—"In the interesting notes to the admirable 'Cambridge' edition of Longfellow's Poems, we are told, in a reference to 'The Birds of Killingworth,' that 'Killingworth in Connecticut was named from the English town Kenilworth in Warwickshire, and had the same orthography in the early records, but was afterwards corrupted into its present form.' The corruption did not have its origin in this country, having been from early

times a local form of *Kenilworth*. It is stated by good authorities that the town is called Killingworth in many old documents of the time of Elizabeth. 'John of Killingworth' was an eminent philosopher, astronomer and physician of the early part of the 14th century. Fuller calls him the father and founder to all the astronomers of that age. I should suspect that the settlers of the Connecticut town named it Killingworth, and that the Kenilworth in the early records was a refinement of the scribes. It is improbable that any other than the first inhabitants, who were familiar with the English vulgar form, would adopt it. Perhaps, however, the original official name of the town was Kenilworth, and was used in the first records, but, being pronounced Killingworth by most of the inhabitants, it subsequently came to be written so."

A YOUNG MAN who has read much was asked to characterize in ten words the writings of Mrs. Craigie ("John Oliver Hobbes"). Here is his reply:—"Feminine essays in the comfiture of moral delinquency in man." To his thinking they show a rare mastery of "the art of bolstering false premises upon a fabric of epigrams." I print these essays in criticism, not because I think them final, but because they express epigrammatically one view of a series of striking little books.

AUTHORS HAVE TO PAY the penalty of their fame in many ways, but in none more unprofitable than in reading such letters as the accompanying. The author to whom this letter was sent has a keen sense of humor, so that I dare say he got some fun out of it. That the young lady who wrote it did not get either a "gracious" or "most interesting reply," will not, I fancy, dampen her ardor. She will attack her next victim with equal confidence:—

"MY DEAR SIR:—I hope you will pardon the liberty am thus taking, as realize the fact you are a very busy man, and that your time is necessarily valuable, but am so very anxious to gain my desired object, have presumed to write, hoping might possibly induce you to grant my request. And it really seems to me if you could only properly realize how very much a little effort on your part would please me, feel quite confident you would not refuse to gratify my desire. With your kind indulgence will explain. I am one of those persons whose greatest pleasure lies in reading, and anything pertaining to literature. As a consequence have taken great pride in collecting a very fine library of modern literature, specially. In which have of your writing [here follow the titles of several of the author's books]. As my greatest delight is centred in this library, am naturally trying to add to the interest of books in same, by securing personal mementoes of the many authors represented, in the shape of an autograph letter, which I insert in one of their books. And have been highly favored thus far, having received scarcely any refusals, but instead most gracious, and interesting replies: and soon hope to have all thus represented, so would very respectfully ask if you would please be kind enough write me a letter for that purpose. In case your kind acquiescence, would much prefer a PERSONAL LETTER, to a poem, or anything else, which is due to fact nearly all have received thus far have been such, in response to certain lines of questions, I have propounded. And if agreeable to you, would with all respect, suggest a reply to the following, 'what is the essential nature of a novel?' and 'what is its mission?' and 'what is the greatest novel ever written by an American?'"

"I sincerely beg of you to not refuse me, as can assure you am no mere 'autograph fiend,' but desire it solely for above-named purpose."

And yet, even after the publication of this flattering letter there will still be some authors who complain of want of appreciation!

London Letter

DURING THE LAST FEW DAYS Mr. Jerome K. Jerome has been the recipient of much sympathy and many condolences. Months ago, when the first number of *To-Day* was published, I ventured to expostulate in these columns against the inferiority of the type and paper, and in so doing I was only one of a crowd of the discontented. Since then the appearance of *To-Day* has greatly improved; but during the present week the question of those first few numbers has been threshed out in the law-courts. Mr. Jerome brought an action against his printers, claiming that the fault lay with them, and asking for damages to the extent of 1000*l*. The printers, on their side, brought a counter-claim against Mr. Jerome for his failure to pay their account. For two days the case was being discussed, and twelve worthy citizens had their brains confused by intricate details regarding type, paper and the printer's practice. The printers argued that Mr. Jerome supplied them with such a poor class of paper that it was impossible to obtain any effect upon it; that it tore in the machines and absorbed the ink like blotting-paper. Mr. Jerome maintained that, if the paper was bad,

its manipulation was worse, and thereupon followed technicalities. In the event poor Mr. Jerome came off second-best. The jury found a farthing damages for him without costs, while the printers carried their counter-claim with costs. It is obviously impossible, without having fingered the paper and eyed the machines, to say which way justice lay; but, upon the sentimental aspect of the grievance, sympathy has certainly gone with Mr. Jerome, who is essentially a man of many friends. He is so energetic, so busily manysided, and so invariably amiable and hearty, that no one who has once met him can hear of any ill-luck lighting his way without sincere regret. And it is rumored that the costs will be tolerably heavy.

On Saturday we are to have an opportunity of giving a new welcome to Mr. Willard, who, after a prolonged visit to America, re-opens the Comedy Theatre with a revival of what is probably the best of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's plays, "The Middleman." This, however, will only run for a week, and on June 25, London is to see Mr. Barrie's piece, "The Professor's Love-Story," of which we hear such good reports from America. Mr. Willard's return is very welcome, and in the autumn London is to lend to New York, in exchange, Mr. Beerbohm Tree and his Haymarket Company. Mr. Tree contemplates a lengthy tour, and Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will also go over some time in September. Among the stage-varieties announced as forthcoming in London are a new play by Mr. Pinero at the Garrick, with Miss Elizabeth Robins in the principal part, and a romantic play by Mr. A. C. Calmair, author of "The Amber Heart." This last is to be entitled "Essex," and has been accepted by Mr. George Alexander for the St. James's. It is scarcely likely to be needed yet, however, as "The Masqueraders" is drawing full houses, and, for the matter of that, the success of "Money" at the Garrick renders it improbable that Miss Elizabeth Robins's great chance will come yet awhile. By the bye, the next production of the Independent Theatre will, I understand, consist of "The Lady from the Sea," which is to be performed soon after the summer holidays.

The number of Americans flitting over to England just now is veritably legion. Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, it seems, contemplates settling here altogether, or, at any rate, for not less than ten years, which is a long time to look forward. Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton is again enlivening literary London with her smiles and sallies; and we are shortly to have the greatest guest of all. Early in this week Mr. W. D. Howells, accompanied by his daughter, passed through town on his way to Paris, whence, it is understood, he will shortly return to pay a visit to his English brethren of the pen. He is safe to be mightily fêted.

Among notable books which are announced for the forthcoming season are several which, I fancy, will interest Americans. Conspicuous among these is Sir Gerald Portal's "British Mission to Uganda in 1893," which will shortly be issued by Mr. Edward Arnold. This work has been edited by Mr. Rennell Rodd, who is, for a while, filling Sir Gerald's post at Zanzibar. Mr. Rodd is a man of much distinction in the diplomatic service, and is a *persona grata* in society. He has written several volumes of verse, and is an old Newdigate prizeman, his "Raleigh," which carried off the Oxford laurel in 1880, being altogether above the ordinary level of such academic exercises. His latest book, "The Violet Crown," found considerable favor with the critics. Another important work will be advanced a step by the publication, in the autumn, of the second volume of Canon Liddon's "Life of Dr. Pusey," while in poetry we are to have a new volume of lyrics by Mr. Edmund Gosse, who has decided to break a nine years' silence in song to the gratification of his many friends and admirers.

Some two years ago literary circles were a good deal amused by the anonymous publication of a very inept, but comically caustic, satire on the writers of the day, under the title of "The Silver Domino." Some curiosity was aroused as to its authorship, and the work was duly traced home to an unimportant source. In a month or so, it is whispered, we are to have another satire on modern poetry from a quite different origin, which threatens to spare not even those in the highest places, and to scourge pretenders with the rod of Pope and of Byron. Whether this attack will appear anonymously or not, I am not informed; but, at any rate, its authorship is at present a secret. It is probable that it will attract some little attention when it appears, and it is certain that it will be a better-written piece of work than its predecessor in the domino. For its author is understood to have theories, and to speak in satire because he fain would teach, which was certainly not the aim of "The Silver Domino." Mr. Rider Haggard and the Rev. S. R. Crockett are each finishing long stories for serial issue. Mr. Haggard's new novel will commence in a month or so, I believe, in *Pearson's Weekly*, while Mr. Crockett's is not to be ready till the new year, when it will open in the pages of *Good Words*. It is good news that Mr. J. M. Barrie is well past the danger of his illness, and upon the high road to convalescence.

Last week I made mention of the successful performance, at Daly's Theatre, of the little play, "Journeys End in Lovers Meeting," by John Oliver Hobbes and George Moore. It is now reported that the piece has been purchased by Mr. Henry Irving, and is not unlikely to form part of his repertory, when he and his company go upon their provincial tour in the autumn. It is to be hoped that this will prove to be true, for Mr. Irving is occasionally taken to task for failing to encourage contemporary talent among dramatic authors, and it is certain that, of the pieces he occasionally purchases, few see the glamor of the footlights. But with a good part for Miss Ellen Terry, "Journeys End" may have a better fortune. Everyone who is interested in current literary movements will certainly wish it success.

LONDON, June 15, 1894.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Boston Letter

THE FINEST OPEN SPOT in the city will undoubtedly soon be decorated in the most artistic manner. Heretofore Boston has suffered from malformations in its statuary and park development, but since the Art Commission was started, the terrific Cogswell fountain and other alleged ornaments of that kind have not been welcome to the city. When it came to the adornment of Copley Square, the Boston Society of Architects decided to take a hand. For the benefit of those who do not live in Boston, I may say that Copley Square is to be the most ornamental place in the city. It is bordered by the famous Trinity Church, which Richardson built and where Phillips Brooks so long preached, by the Art Museum, by the new Public Library and other buildings, which, although not of a public nature, are very handsome in decorative aspect. At present the "Square" consists simply of two triangular plots of grass crossed by open roads and horse-car tracks. The architects invited the artists of the city to compete for its decoration, and submitted the plans received to the public vote. Mr. Walker and Mr. Rotch were among the leaders in the contest, and now the Society of Architects has decided to endorse the new plan made by these two gentlemen as the best scheme for the adornment of Copley Square. The plan includes a fountain in the centre, with trees and shrubs artistically laid out around it, and will necessitate the expenditure of about \$100,000. The Mayor has recommended the appropriation, so it will probably be carried.

From year to year I have given in *The Critic* lists of the oldest living alumni of the different New England colleges, and now, while the commencements are being held, it will be appropriate to present the new list. The oldest of all the veteran graduates is undoubtedly the Rev. Thomas T. Stone, D.D., of Rockbottom, Mass., the last survivor of the twelve students who graduated at Bowdoin College in 1820. Dr. Stone is now ninety-three years of age. The Rev. William H. Furness, D.D., of Philadelphia, Harvard, 1820, the father of the Shakespearian scholar, continues to be the oldest graduate of Harvard, while the Rev. Henry Herrick of Woodstock, Conn., is the oldest of Yale. Dartmouth is represented by Mark W. Fletcher of Wayne, Ill., Amherst by Emilius K. Sayre of Monticello, Mo., Brown by the Rev. George W. Briggs of Cambridge, Mass., Williams by the Rev. T. H. Noble, D.D., of Perth Amboy, N. J., Wesleyan by the Rev. John W. Merrill of Concord, N. H., Colby by the Hon. Albert W. Payne of Bangor, Me., and Tufts by the Rev. James Eastwood of Brattleboro, Vt. It is very curious to notice that nearly all of these alumni are clergymen. Does this argue for the chances of long life in the ministry?

While Harvard College is celebrating its Commencement of 1894 it may not be out of place to record certain curious phases in the history of the old College brought to light by Dr. Samuel A. Green. Class Day and Commencement at Harvard are always the same, so there is no need of writing about the festivities of this year, but of other days there are other tales to tell. In the Suffolk Court files has recently been found an old paper, which, Dr. Green says, relates to a period when Leonard Hoar was President and when an effort was being made to raise money for a new building (Harvard Hall). John Eliot, the Indian Apostle, was one of the signers, and the petition shows that the "honored Magistrates" sent letters to the churches, asking for liberal contributions to the College. But, as the Magistrates incautiously suggested that any objections could be proposed, the worthy petitioners jumped into the breach and cried (in writing) for the "removal of an evil." This is the "evil":—

"The students of 1672 are being brought up in such pride as doth no ways become such as are brought up for the holy service of the lord, either in the magistracy, or ministry especially, and in particular in their long haire, which lust first took head, and brake out at the Colledg so far as we understand and remember, and it is got into our pulpits, to the great grieve and offence of many godly hearts in the Country we find in the scriptures that the sons of the prophets, and such as were dedicated to god, were brought up in a way of mortification and humility. * * * Consider also pro. 16.31

the hoary head is a crowne of glory if it be found in the way of righteousness, and are those haire so found, that are defiled with this lust? we beseech you consider, whether all other lusts which have so incorrigibly brake in upon our youth, have not first sprung from incorrigibleness of this lust our humble request is that you would please to use all due indeavours to cure this evyl, and so we commend you to the lord and to the word of his grace and remain your Vmble petecinors att the thron of grac at assist and inable you in all your waighy consarns and remain your worshipps humble petitioners."

As Dr. Green further shows, in those days the College authorities were very glad to receive corn and cattle and other produce and stock as subscriptions for a new building, and great was the exertion to secure enough to raise even a small hall; now President Eliot has little more to say than "ædificatur," and a new building arises.

BOSTON, June 26, 1894.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

Chicago Letter

THE COMMENCEMENT SEASON in this city brings out no more interesting record than is shown at the close of the first year of Armour Institute. It is not celebrated with pomp and ceremony, for there are no graduates as yet, but the dignity which the school has already acquired made the farewells impressive. Several years ago Mr. Philip D. Armour built a mission church in a poor part of the city, on 33d Street. Near it he erected an apartment building and many simple little houses, all of which were tastefully designed. These were rented for moderate sums, and in the mission services were held and lectures and addresses delivered. The most important part of its work, however, was the Sunday-school, whose usefulness has so steadily increased that 1800 pupils are now enrolled upon its books. But it was not long before Mr. Armour became dissatisfied with the limited influence that the mission acquired, and determined that no satisfactory results could be obtained without educational training as well. In conjunction with Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus of Plymouth Congregational Church, he evolved the plan which he has since carried out in Armour Institute. His endowment of the school, together with his subsequent gifts, amounts to about \$2,000,000; and his interest in the place is so keen that he keeps a watchful eye upon it, visiting it several times a week. The tuition fees vary in the different departments from \$3 to \$20 a term, but the arrangements are such that the poorest student is enabled to take advantage of the opportunities offered by the school. To some boys of this class work enough is given by the Institute to pay for their tuition, and in other cases the Trustees take the student's note for future payment. The latter practice is especially encouraged by Mr. Armour, who believes that it puts a man on his honor and gives him a stimulating responsibility.

Armour Institute is neither a college nor a manual-training school, but something between the two. It is a scientific and technical school, where a man may study a trade or a profession, may learn to run an engine, or to become an electrical engineer. Mr. Armour's first idea was to give these advantages to the poor alone, but Dr. Gunsaulus easily persuaded him that such a distinction would be harmful to the class he wished to benefit. The terms should be made so easy, he argued, that the poorest student could be admitted, while the standard of excellence in the school should be so high that the richest could not afford to neglect it. From the sociologist's point of view, therefore, the undertaking is especially interesting, and there, at least, social barriers are practically done away with. The rich and the poor work side by side, with all the honors for the better student; and women from the slums and from the avenues go there for practical courses in sewing and cooking. Dr. Gunsaulus, who was made President of the Institute, says that this training in the "domestic arts" is better than at Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, and that in electrical engineering the standard is even higher than at the Boston Institute of Technology. Fifty-four instructors were engaged, and the effort was made to secure men and women who had practical as well as theoretical knowledge of business needs in the various departments. Thus the best stenographer in Mr. Armour's office was placed in charge of the commercial department, and Mr. Thomas C. Roney, the reader at McClurg's, and a shrewd and scholarly critic, was made head of the English department.

The aim in this training-school is, not to educate the student in one science or trade alone, but to give him as thorough a development as his time will permit, and some knowledge of other sides of life than the one with which he is destined to become most familiar. The school is divided into a scientific academy and a technical college. The former prepares a student for entrance into the latter, or for the scientific courses of Yale, Harvard, Cornell, the University of Chicago and similar institutions. The technical college gives four-year courses in mechanical, electrical and mining

engineering, each of these being accompanied by advanced work in science, mathematics, history, civics, literature and the modern languages. The class-rooms are large and pleasant, and the appointments modern in every way. The machine-shops and electrical apparatus are very interesting, and every facility for practical work in shop and laboratory is given to the student. There are many evening classes, also, which are taken advantage of by men and women who are employed during the day.

In connection with the Art Institute, the Armour Institute has organized a school of architecture, in which the science and mathematics of the profession are taught by the latter and its art by the former institution. It maintains, also, in the Armour Mission, across the street from the academy, a large kindergarten and a school for the training of kindergarten-teachers. But one of the most interesting departments is the course in library science, which is similar to that in the New York State Library School at Albany. The class was limited this year to ten, and seven of these students have already secured positions for next year. Most of them, however, intend to return after a season or two of practical work, for the full course at the Institute occupies two years. It is a fine opportunity for women especially, as this occupation is a pleasant one for them. The course is in charge of Miss Katharine L. Sharp, who is also Librarian of the Institute. The library is a large and well-arranged room, containing about ten thousand volumes. It has been developed principally, of course, to meet the needs of the students, so that it is not as yet symmetrical; but outside of the technical and reference books there is much interesting matter, and a collection of rare books relating to the history of printing gives it an air of distinction. The class in library science is trained here in practical work that will fit it for the problems which have already been submitted to it by publishers and owners of private libraries.

The engravings and etchings which are hung on the walls throughout the building are significant of the President's watchful thoroughness in the more subtle educational influences. He has been collecting them for years, and many are rare and precious. Some of them reproduce the work of the great painters, and others are portraits of men celebrated in science or literature. The frames are so arranged that they can be opened at the back and the engravings within changed in accordance with some special school work, or to meet a popular interest in a particular poet or artist. Appreciating in this way the importance of the small things as well as the great, Dr. Gunsaulus keeps his hands constantly on the pulse of this great institution. In a single year he has been able to benefit 1067 pupils, in each one of whom he shows a personal and active interest. He has rare executive ability and will in all probability succeed in his effort to make the Institute a beneficent influence in the community—an effort which was made possible and is constantly being made more effective by the generosity of the founder.

CHICAGO, June 26, 1894.

LUCY MONROE.

José-Maria de Hérédia

M. DE HÉRÉDIA, the recently elected member of the French Academy, is a Cuban by birth. He is of the bluest blood of the Spanish colonial aristocracy, and traces his ancestry direct from one of the first conquerors of the New World, from one of the companions of Cortez. He was born on Nov. 22, 1842, near Santiago de Cuba, on a coffee plantation, one of the last possessions of his impoverished family. On his mother's side, however, he is of French origin. When eight years old, he was brought to Paris, and received his earliest education at the College of St. Vincent at Senlis. Nine years later he returned to Cuba, and studied for a year at the University of Havana; but in 1860 he settled finally in France, and took up the study of law. His first verses were published in 1862, in the *Revue de Paris* of that period, and in 1866 he contributed to the "Parnasse Contemporain" with Sully Prudhomme, Coppée, Verlaine, Mendès and Mallarmé. Even at that early period the unusual precision of his sonnets attracted general attention. In 1869 his name was prominently connected with the second Parnasse; and in the same year he published a volume of "Sonnets et Eaux-fortes," which is now extremely rare. His fame and his election by the Immortals are based on a single volume of poetry—mainly sonnets, but containing, also, three Spanish romances and an epic study in couplets.

"To call José-Maria de Hérédia a great poet would be to misuse language," says Mr. Edmund Gosse in his essay on "The New Immortal," in the April *Contemporary Review*. "He lacks the breadth and humanity of the leaders of poetry. But, beyond all question, he is a great poetic artist and probably the most remarkable now alive in Europe." * * * Perhaps his most singular characteristic, the evidence of a self-control almost without parallel in recent literature, is the high level of workmanship which runs through his entire published poetry. He must sometimes write poor verse, one fancies, since he is mortal, but at least he never

publishes it. Some numbers in "Les Trophées" are more interesting than others; it is difficult to admit that any are better written. From beginning to end the book rings with melody, each sonnet brings up before the inward eye a luminous picture, in a clear sunlit atmosphere, flashing with color, sharply defined, completely provided with every artifice and accomplishment of learning, taste and craftsmanship. The only objection, indeed, which one is inclined to bring against M. de Hérédia as a poet is the result of this uniform strenuousness. One wishes that all were not quite so metallic in sound, so sumptuous in color, so radiantly and sonorously objective. The softer stop is missed, the pathetic and mysterious qualities are neglected. But in these slipshod days, it is no small thing to find that poets still exist who hold their art in chivalric honor, and who would rather be banished from their country than allow a loose rhyme to escape them, or commit a solecism in prosody."

"From A to Z"

The *Westminster Gazette* tells "How they brought the great Dic. from A to Z":—"At the dinner given to Mr. George Smith, the publisher of the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' by the contributors to it, Mr. Sidney Lee, referring to former attempts to produce such a work, said that 'one had foundered off the letter F, another had only gone to L' (or words to that effect). Mr. Leslie Stephen said that 'his great object now was to live past the letter S.' It was mentioned that the Queen had contributed to the Dictionary.

When Smith began this giant plan

He knew his A B C;

So, crying, "Hence! and D—Expense!"

Soon sailed past D and E.

For Leslie Stephen made things even

By being just as free

With cheques to make things keep awake

As F he backed a G!

No H he dropped, his I ne'er stopped,

Nor flagged his well-worn J,

Till you'd have thought his labours brought

Him premature d.K.

"An inch: that's well!"—"I'll take an L!"

Your energy's M N N N!"

(For O! P Q I R but true!

The volumes grew by tens.)

"Let cab ('S.T.') take U to V!"

(V.R.), was Smith's advice:

To Leslie Stephen Sidney Lee

He's added in a trice.

For "One's too few: I'll W!"

Though wise your single head,

Since 'x' wise-head falls short (he said)

We'll take twice—X Y-Z!"

As to the Queen's contribution to the "Dictionary of National Biography," the London *Chronicle* claims to have spotted it:—"In the life of Sir William Knollys we read, 'Though Lord Hardinge was then commander-in-chief, the principal moving spirit, as regarded the practical training of the troops, was Prince Albert, and from him Knollys received the most encouraging support against the ill-will and obstruction of which Aldershot, at that time unpopular with the public, was the object.'"

A Curious Misquotation

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

I have made recently a very interesting discovery with regard to one of the best known short poems in the language—to wit, Bourdillon's "Light." As originally written, and as still printed in all the editions of his poems, it stands thus:—

"The night has a thousand eyes,

And the day but one;

Yet the light of the bright world dies

With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,

And the heart but one;

Yet the light of a whole life dies,

When love is done."

This, as is well known, is the poem which made Bourdillon's name, and it would seem that there is scarcely room in the eight lines for misquotation; and yet I have found but one of the anthologies published in this country in which they are correctly given. Having had occasion to use one of the quatrains, and desiring to be absolutely accurate, I took down Bartlett, in order to verify my recollection. To my amazement, I found that the inviolable and usually accurate "Familiar Quotations" not only misquotes the

well-known lines, but misquotes in such a way as actually to extract all point from the poem, spoiling it utterly. The last two lines are given thus:—

"Yet the light of a whole life dies,
When the day is done."

This discovery prompted further investigation; and I found that two other well-known collections of famous poems—Bryant's "Library of Poetry and Song" and Harpers' "Cyclopedia of British and American Poetry" (edited by Epes Sargent) both give the last line thus:—

"When its day is done."

When it is considered that the last stanza, as quoted by Bartlett, Bryant and Sargent, is utterly meaningless, and that the poem has never been printed by Bourdillon's authority except as above given—I am so assured by him in a personal letter recently received—the literary mayhem becomes as inexplicable as it is unpardonable. Rossiter Johnson's "Famous Single and Fugitive Poems" gives the lines correctly, with the exception of slight changes in punctuation.

The version of the poem given at the beginning of this communication is transcribed from an autograph copy sent me by Mr. Bourdillon himself. In the letter which accompanies it, he perpetrates a pleasant parody on a quatrain from "Maud," which I take the liberty of sharing with your readers. Referring to the misquotations cited above, to which I had called his attention, he asks:—

"What will it be at fifty,
If the world should keep it alive,
If it's been so much misquoted
Before it is twenty-five?"

NASHVILLE, TENN., May 17, 1894.

R. L. C. WHITE.

[In a revision of Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations," printed in 1892, the poem was given correctly.—EDS. CRITIC.]

The Morality of "Tom Jones," etc.

JUDGE O'BRIEN has handed down his decision, based on consultation with his brother judges, upon the prayer of Joseph J. Little, receiver of the Worthington Co., for instructions as to the disposition of copies of the "Arabian Nights" (Payne edition), "Tom Jones," "The Works of Rabelais," Ovid's "Art of Love," the "Decameron," the "Heptameron," the "Confessions of Rousseau," "Tales from the Arabic" and "Aladdin," which form part of the Company's assets, and to the sale of which by the receiver Anthony Comstock objected. Judge O'Brien says:—

"Most of the volumes that have been submitted to the inspection of the Court are of choice editions, both as to letter-press and the bindings, and are such, both as to their commercial value and subject matter, as to prevent their being generally sold or purchased except by those who would desire them for their literary merit, or for their worth as specimens of fine book-making. It is very difficult to see upon what theory these world-renowned classics can be regarded as specimens of that pornographic literature which it is the office of the Society for the Suppression of Vice to suppress; or how they can come under any stronger condemnation than that high-standard literature, which consists of the works of Shakespeare, of Chaucer, of Laurence Sterne and of other great writers, without making reference to many parts of the Old Testament Scriptures, which are to be found in almost every household in the land. The very artistic character, the high qualities of style, the absence of those glaring and crude pictures, scenes and descriptions which affect the common and vulgar mind, make a place for books of the character in question entirely apart from such gross and obscene writings as it is the duty of the public authorities to suppress. It would be quite as unjustifiable* to condemn the writings of Shakespeare and Chaucer and Laurence Sterne, the early English novelists, the playwrights of the Restoration and the dramatic literature which has so much enriched the English language, as to place an interdict upon these volumes, which have received the admiration of literary men for many years. What has become standard literature of the English language, has become wrought into the very structure of our splendid English literature, is not to be pronounced at this late day unfit for publication or circulation, and stamped with judicial disapprobation as hurtful to the community. . . . I am satisfied that it would be a wanton destruction of property to prohibit the sale by the receiver of these works; for, if their sale ought to be prohibited, the books should be burned; but I find no reason in law, morals, or expediency, why they should not be sold for the benefit of the creditors of the receivership. The receiver is therefore allowed to sell these volumes." This decision will simplify considerably Mr. Comstock's labors.

* Justifiable?

Music

The Sängerbund

A SÄNGERFEST is a music festival only in a popular sense. It is a festival occasion, but not of festival importance. A real music festival is made up of concerts at which great choral and orchestral works, either of accepted merit, or composed for the occasion, are performed. A Sängerbund is a festival of singers. It is a meeting of German male chorus societies for the practice of their amiable art, and the greater the number of organizations that come together, the less likelihood is there that works of much magnitude will be produced; for there is a ponderosity about the tone of a giant chorus that precludes the possibility of successful attack upon *fugato* passages or measures rich in contrary motion of the voice parts. From such a chorus the noble effects of sequences of broad chords are best obtained, and, fortunately, the German part-songs are rich in writing of this kind. Few who heard it will ever forget the superb effect of the lovely folk-song, "Klage," as sung by the grand chorus last Sunday night.

The three days of the 17th Sängerbund of the North Eastern Sängerbund which came to a close on Monday night at Madison Square Garden were decidedly interesting and profitable. Aside from the light which such a series of entertainments throws on the domestic happiness and good citizenship of the German-Americans, there is the forcible suggestion that at our very doors, knocking for admission, is a simple, lovely and humanizing art open to the common people and offering to them, at the cost of moderate effort, a delightful and refreshing form of culture. The Germans who sang so beautifully at the evening concerts and in the prize-singing matinees are not professional singers, nor even musicians. But with the help of patience and love, guided by intelligent conducting, they enrich their own lives and add to the happiness of others by a wise employment of leisure time which might easily be thrown into the common current of waste. The solo performances in these concerts signified nothing, but the choral work meant much. It was, except in the third-class prize contest, of a high order. The work of the Junge Männerchor of Philadelphia, the Germania of Newark, and the United Singers of Brooklyn deserves special mention for fine quality of tone, precision, excellence of phrasing and beauty of shading. The splendid work of the great chorus, composed of the United Singers of New York and its vicinity, reflected the highest honor upon conductors Zöllner and Van der Stucken. It is agreeable to find that sufficient public interest was aroused to insure the pecuniary success of the Sängerbund.

Mme. Alboni

THE DEATH of Marietta Alboni in Paris on July 23, at the age of 70 years, removes from the list of the living the greatest contralto of the present century, and one of the greatest that ever lived. Mme. Alboni was compelled to retire from the stage prematurely by reason of growing stoutness, which she could not check. Her death suggests an inquiry as to what has become of all the fine contralto voices. There is not one great contralto before the public of the world to-day. Since Annie Louise Cary left the stage, not one of the first rank has been heard. Operatic institutions all over the world are hampered by the deficiency in the contralto department, and such works as "Le Prophète" are seldom heard because there is no one equal to the rôle of Fides.

The Fine Arts

The John Trumbull Portrait Sketches

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

Several articles have recently appeared in the New York papers concerning the collection of early studies, compositions and groups now on exhibition at Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co.'s, 5 East 19th Street. Of these none is more able, or inspired by a spirit more impartial and just, than the one in your issue of the 9th inst., under the above title. The conclusions drawn by your writer, when touching upon the great interest and unique character of this collection, are so fully in accord with the results of my own observations, that only approval could be elicited on my part, were it not for a few apparently trifling yet really important errors into which your reviewer has fallen.

1. On page 13 of his autobiography, Trumbull says that when but seventeen years of age he copied a painting of Vesuvius twice, first in water-colors on vellum, small, and afterwards in oil, size of the original; in the following pages he mentions several other works of a similar nature. The collection now owned by me by absolute purchase does not, therefore, represent his first efforts. His activity as a copyist and portrait- (or rather miniature-) painter was already strongly developed when he became an aide to Washington in 1775.

2. Trumbull did not participate in any expedition against Canada, but was either on the personal staff of Gen. Washington, or in service at or near headquarters between Boston and New York, from 1775 to June 28, 1776. It is during this period that the greater part if not all the groups and most of the portraits in my collection were drawn. The subjects chosen are related to events of that period only. It would not agree with our conception of Trumbull's character and high aims to suppose that several compositions in a humorous vein could have been produced at a later time than a day or a week after the incidents to which they refer took place. Such a theme as Washington allaying the fears of the old lady, who had been dozing in a rocking-chair, by showing that the cause of her alarm, instead of being the feared British, was only a litter of clamorous pigs at the door, must have been an almost instantaneous production, made by Trumbull to illustrate this humorous incident of life at headquarters; the same remarks apply to the composition in which old Putnam sounds a blast through the window, disturbing the General and the landlady's daughter in their quiet chat by the fireside.

3. On June 28, 1776, Trumbull was assigned to a position on the staff of Gen. Gates, who moved north as far as Lakes George and Champlain. At this time the direct connection between Trumbull and general headquarters was severed, and it was not again renewed. It is therefore proper to infer that all the portraits of Washington and all the groups of which he is the central figure, altogether not less than 25 in number, were actually drawn in 1775 and 1776 up to June 28.

4. In regard to the theory that the signature J. T. and date 1776 may have been placed on many at a later date, I hold that this view is absolutely incorrect, for the reason that each signature harmonizes in tint of color with the work on which it is placed, being only a trifle deeper to bring out the letters from the shaded background with which they would otherwise have blended. A careful microscopic examination of most of the signatures has been made and this peculiarity verified in every instance. Again, several are dated 1775, others 1786 (generally superior work), and a few are without any date, one being without date or signature. I reach the conclusion that when Trumbull neglected to place a date on completion of drawing, it was not dated subsequently.

5. In regard to the frames, while many are similar, they are not all of the same material, nor period. The placing of each picture in a solid frame, under glass, front and back, so well and solidly guarded that not a single one has become disjointed through all these years, is a sure indication that the work was done by skilled hands. Trumbull himself warmly recommends two young men, whom he had employed in 1823, to do the work for him, as competent and reliable—possibly the very ones who framed many of these subjects.

The various facts I have pointed out, while in themselves of slight import, form nevertheless strong coordinate evidence and cannot be ignored by anyone who would reach a correct understanding of the subject. I believe that the more thoroughly this collection is investigated, the more apparent will become the fact that it possesses a very great historical interest, and that it is worthy to figure among the rarest and most valuable mementoes of the early days of this great Republic.

ED. FROSSARD, Numismatist and Archaeologist.

NEW YORK, 14 June, 1894.

[Recognizing the good faith in which Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. have acted in showing the collection, and not doubting for a moment that Edward Frossard, who states that he owns them, is genuinely convinced that they were made by Trumbull, it may be said that Mr. Frossard's letter does not remove the difficulty mentioned in our second notice of the sketches. It does not show how it was possible for Trumbull to make so many single portraits and compositions of several figures, all dated 1776 and all of men at Washington's headquarters. Very few are dated 1775, when he might have had more leisure; the great number which, according to Mr. Frossard's own statement, must be crowded into the first half of 1776 provides legitimate cause for doubting the genuineness of initials and dates. It is not to be concealed that the long silence concerning the existence of all these sketches has a bad look. It is at least singular that none of the owners in Virginia, in whose hands they are said to have remained from 1824 to 1894, should have called attention to them. This fact alone warrants the demand that Mr. Frossard should fortify himself with more documentary proof than he placed in the hands of Dodd, Mead & Co. when the exhibition was opened. Affidavits from former owners and holders, and witnesses to their respectability and general integrity, could certainly be procured without much expense or delay. As an expert numismatist, he is aware to what lengths forgers will go in order to deceive the best-informed, mingling the genuine with the false, and expending a great deal of misdirected cleverness on an elaborate imposition.]

It is greatly in favor of the collection that Prof. John F. Weir of Yale believes it to be genuine. But we are much at a loss for such a convincing proof as would be early pen-and-ink and sepia sketches by Trumbull, thoroughly authentic, with which to compare these. They are very much ruder and more ignorant work than the drawings he made after his student years in London. How came he not to destroy them when he had learned to draw better? It may be answered that they were private memoranda for figures in future historical paintings. But they are not like painter's "mems," either in workmanship or the materials of which they are made. To which it may be replied that, at the time they were made, he was an amateur who took himself very seriously, and later he realized that the rudest sketch was worth preserving for its impression of reality. Meantime we trust that Mr. Frossard will examine searchingly the origin of these sketches. If they are absolutely genuine, the country as well as the owner is the richer; but if they are skillful fabrications, even in part, it is everyone's duty to lodge in jail such dangerous persons as their fabricators.—EDS. CRITIC.]

In Memory of Postmaster Pearson

AN EXCELLENT portrait bust of the late Postmaster Henry G. Pearson of New York has been placed in the vestibule of the Post Office building facing Broadway. It is somewhat larger than twice life-size, is of bronze, mounted on a pedestal in the form of a pillar, with shaft of polished granite and base and capital of the unpolished stone. The face of the pier against which the monument has been disposed has been covered with marble mosaic in tones of dull blue and yellow which agreeably relieve the colors of the bronze and of the red granite pedestal. The whole may well serve as a pattern for other decorations of the sort in our public buildings. The sculptor is Mr. Daniel C. French. The bust was unveiled on Thursday, June 21, and in the evening Mr. E. L. Godkin made an address at the Berkeley Lyceum, on Mr. Pearson's efficient work as a civil servant, ex-Postmaster-General James presiding. In contrasting Mr. Pearson's fitness for his position with that of either of his two successors, Mr. Godkin said, truly enough, that, while he had nothing whatever to say against either Mr. Van Cott or Mr. Dayton, they were not, by virtue of their training, the stuff of which postmasters should be made. Mr. Dayton, however, by declining the offer of a dinner from the letter-carriers, and proposing to add \$500 to the sum subscribed for that purpose (\$2000), if the men would start therewith a fund for their own benefit, has done much to show that he is the stuff of which public servants should be made.

"Inigo Jones and Christopher Wren"

MR. W. J. LOFTIE'S "Inigo Jones and Christopher Wren; or, the Rise and Decline of Modern Architecture in England," is an elaborate protest against the modern or Victorian Gothic, based on reasons, some of which apply just as well to the so-called "Queen Anne" style, more prevalent in this country. Mr. Loftie condemns the modern Gothic for its merely ornamental character and its disregard of proportion; but the modern "Queen Anne" is even more offensive in both respects, and the tame and studied hideousness of some of the buildings actually belonging to that reign is, if anything, worse. We cannot share the author's admiration for Inigo Jones, who may have been an excellent designer of court masks, but who has left few good buildings. Wren is, really, the only great architect that England has produced in the Renaissance, or, as Mr. Loftie prefers to call it, the Palladian, style. It will be sufficient to compare any of the designs by Jones given in the book with those after Palladio on pages 100 and 101, to show what a gulf separates the latter from his supposed imitator. Jones was a clumsy transitionalist, influenced on the one hand by a remnant of Gothic taste, and on the other by ill-understood Renaissance canons. In the earlier stages of the change, England produced much that is beautiful, in domestic architecture especially, and the Tudor and Elizabethan styles are freer and more adaptable to modern uses than the Palladian. Mr. Loftie devotes an appreciative chapter to the Elizabethan style, but considers it merely as a step towards the "Queen Anne." Again, Wren and some of his successors have produced splendid public and palatial buildings, and the best part of Mr. Loftie's book is that devoted to them. His description of the several designs for St. Paul's, though short, is good; and he devotes some pages to the public buildings of Dublin, which, taken together, form by far the finest group of Palladian buildings in the United Kingdom. He gives no photographs or other illustrations of them, however, though he reproduces designs of far less important and less beautiful works. He gives one plate after that remarkable Scotch architect, Thomson, but does less than justice to him in the text. Mr. Loftie is an amateur, and writes for amateurs. He objects to the Gothic that it had completely worked itself out in the thirteenth century. But so had the

Greek many centuries before, and the Italian Renaissance some centuries later. In the absence of any modern style, the architect is not to be blamed who follows some logical style when he can, or one of the many transitional styles when the problem before him requires a freer treatment. There is no reason why he should be tied down to any form of the Renaissance, and certainly not to the imitation of the clumsy efforts of the Queen Anne period. But as a stickler for proportion, the author is undoubtedly in the right. Most of the plates with which his handsome volume is illustrated will be found very suggestive. (Macmillan & Co.)

"The Venetian Painters of the Renaissance"

MR. BERNHARD BEZENSON, the author, takes the ground that great art is mainly expressive, and that, because it has expressed the Renaissance—the period of conscious youth of modern Europe,—Italian painting, and, especially Venetian painting, is more interesting than that of any other country. The essay reads like a hastily written sketch in which the author has jotted down the leading points of some more complete work that he may have in mind. He passes rapidly from the early religious painters to the pageant pictures and the confraternities; qualifies the Renaissance as an awakening to the sense of personality; has a section on "The Giorgionesque Spirit," and another on "The Portrait"; stops for a moment in the midst of what he has to say about Titian to refer to Michael Angelo and the apparent failure of the Renaissance; notes the continuance of the movement in Venice, after it had practically ceased elsewhere; distinguishes the Venetian art of the provinces, as Bassano and Veronese, from that of the ruling city; and gives perhaps more than their proper share of space to the artists of the decline, Tiepolo, Longhi and Canaletto. An apparently careful and reliable list of extant works of the principal painters is given at the end of the volume. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

The Hancock Statue

MR. F. EDWIN ELWELL'S equestrian statue of Gen. Hancock, which will be erected on Cemetery Hill, on the Gettysburg battlefield, is ready for casting in bronze. It is of heroic size, and is consid-



ered an excellent likeness by those who were with Hancock during the war. The pose is commanding and the modelling of the horse original: instead of stepping into the atmosphere, as is the case with the horses of most equestrian statues, the animal is represented standing, pawing the earth as if impatient of its rider's restraint.

Art Notes

GEORGE PETER ALEXANDER HEALY, the portrait-painter, died in Chicago on June 24. He was born in Boston in 1808 and studied abroad, obtaining medals at Paris in 1840 and 1855. He made his residence in Chicago from 1858 to 1869, when he went abroad again, living chiefly in Rome. He finally returned to Chicago, where he resided till his death. Among his famous portraits are Presidents Tyler, John Quincy Adams, Jackson, Van Buren, Taylor, Fillmore, Polk, Pierce, Buchanan, Lincoln and Grant; Pius IX. and Louis-Philippe; Bismarck, Webster, Henry Clay, Liszt, Longfellow, Motley and Gen. Sheridan. His historical paintings include "Franklin Urging the Claims of the American Colonies before Louis XVI." and "Webster's Reply to Hayne."

—No. 5 of *The Portfolio Monographs*, for May, 1894, is the best number yet issued of the periodical in its new form. The text, by Mr. F. G. Stephens, an old friend of Rossetti's and one of the original members of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, adds little to what is generally known on the subject. It is interesting, however, to note that Mr. Stephens speaks of Ford Madox Brown, lately deceased, as the real parent of Pre-Raphaelitism. He was only deterred from joining the brothers by their silly rule, soon abandoned, that the model was to be followed in every particular. The numerous illustrations are the chief item of value in connection with the essay. They include an early design for Coleridge's "Genevieve," in which it is evident that Rossetti was influenced by the outline drawings of Retsch; there are, also, reproductions of no less than three designs in which the influence of Holman Hunt is traceable. One of these is the original pen-drawing for "Found," one of Rossetti's best paintings, now in the possession of Mr. H. Bancroft, Jr., of Wilmington, Del., who also owns the "Lilith" figured on page 67. One of the two others is from a drawing of "Dr. Johnson at the Mitre," with two pretty girls whom he is trying to dissuade from becoming Methodists. The anecdote is given in Boswell's Life. Of the painter's most characteristic work there are examples in a photogravure of "Dante on the Anniversary of Beatrice's Death," illustrating a passage in the "Vita Nuova," and in a phototype of the better-known "How They Met Themselves." Of his later single-figure pieces, the importance of which Mr. Stephens greatly overestimates, there are photogravures of two of the best, a "Venus Verticordia" and a "Proserpine," the latter, apparently, an idealized portrait of Mrs. William Morris.

—In the *June Review of Reviews*, Mr. Frank Fowler says of Mr. John S. Sargent, the recently elected American A.R.A.:—"It will be interesting for any one, in viewing this painter's work, to remark the variety and significance of touch by which he defines the texture and condition of most opposing things—how a contour becomes confused and full of mystery as it sweeps into the background and again reappears sharp and "telling"—obedient to the laws of light upon an object, as Light itself obeying Nature's laws. For precision, truthfulness, utmost fidelity of sight and the ability to record unerringly that which is visually revealed, Mr. Sargent stands among the first of his contemporaries. The Royal Academy has shown discrimination in the latest accessions it has made to its membership, and may be regarded as having exercised peculiarly good judgment in the election of Mr. Sargent."

The Drama

"Plays"

By John Davidson. Stone & Kimball.

IT IS NOT OFTEN that a book is published which offers so many difficulties to the reviewer as does this volume of plays by John Davidson, a name far less familiar here than it is on the other side of the Atlantic, where it is known to a small, but by no means unintelligent, body of readers. The problem is to preserve due proportion between blame and praise; to do justice on the one hand to the remarkable literary and imaginative power displayed in many complete scenes and a great variety of isolated passages, without conveying an impression not altogether justified, perhaps, by the actual facts; and, on the other, to point out the grievous, not to say fatal, faults of inexperience, extravagance and bad judgment that abound almost everywhere, without robbing the author of the credit to which he most certainly is entitled. It is quite clear, however, that the value of his work consists in its literary rather than its dramatic qualities, and it may even be added that his plays, with one exception to be noted hereafter, are practically worthless for all purposes of theatrical representation, although several individual scenes, if the proper actors could be found to present them, might be made exceedingly effective before the footlights. He does not know, apparently, how to invent a story, and most assuredly he does not know how to tell one. His plots, when he does not dispense altogether with anything of the kind, are all founded upon old models, and are at once involved and transparent, while they are unfolded by a succession of narratives instead of being presented in action. His characters, for the most part, are not so much figures in a drama, as reciters or mouthpieces for the publication of his views upon social topics, which belong largely to the most "advanced" school. Their talk is full of vivid and poetic description, of keen satire and cynical scorn, of happy similes and extremely clever imitations of such masters as Shakespeare and Tennyson; but it is marred by all sorts of archaic conceits, obsolete or awkward words and phrases, verbal clowning, curiously obtuse efforts at bucolic humor, and sentences of interminable length and unpardonable obscurity.

The first play of the series, called "An Unhistorical Pastoral"—a title which does away with all restrictions of time and place,—is

a story of a king and his prime minister, who, having been shipwrecked, return to their country of Belmarie, after a year of wandering, to find the heir apparent acting as regent and preparing to marry a beautiful peasant maid, who finally turns out to be a princess in disguise. It is full of suggestions and scarcely veiled imitations of passages and scenes in "The Tempest," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Twelfth Night," "The Winter's Tale" and "The Merry Wives of Windsor"—all good but dangerous models. As an acting play it is useless, but as a literary exercise it is curious and interesting, and by no means wholly unsuccessful. Here is one of many passages which show the imitative faculty referred to. The speaker, Guido, is telling of a May Day festival:—

"To-day a custom, ancient, all observed,
But savoring in my mind of pagan rites,
And unbecoming folk of Christendom,
Is followed by our sheepish villagers,
Who in their day and generation act
What by their ancestors has been performed,
In timely order tumbling in the ditch,
Some silly, old, bell-wether age first filled.
To-day our youth are met upon the green
To plot a treason licensed by the time,
Which is to choose a King and Queen of May,
To reign to-morrow and each holiday;
To whom, alone, they shall allegiances swear
At every festal season of the year."

The smoothness and simplicity of this are excellent, and the manner is altogether happy. Here is a bit of rhymed verse, exhibiting the same characteristics, with touches of original inspiration among the borrowed similes. A lover is describing his mistress:—

"I am a lowly youth, and love a maid
More high than I am low, and oh, so fair!
Her brow might lend the noonday heaven aid
To shine upon the world with richer glare;
Her eyebrows are twin rainbows; and her eyes
Peered suns, excelling all that ever shone,
For they illuminate bright red-rose skies
Of cheeks celestial with a day-long dawn;
Day being ended, scarcely night's blue veils,
Her fringed eyelids, can enshroud their beams:
Setting or rising radiance never fails
To mark their absence in the land of dreams.
Sweet cups of perfumed flowers her nostrils be;
No bees suck there; the odor makes them faint.
Her little chin is bent with dimples three
Beneath rich fruit her summer blood does paint
With brighter hues than apples on their trees:
Alas, to me they are forbidden fruit,
Dearer than apples of Hesperides,
And guarded by as dragonish a brute."

Beyond all doubt there is the true poetic quality in this, as there is in some of the fairy talk. For instance:—

"We the fairies are who sleep
Blanketed and pillowed deep
In the golden, blooming folds
Of nightly cradled marigolds.
Some with evening's blushes meek
Tinge the peach's downy cheek.
Feathers stolen from butterflies
Make our pencils; all the dyes
Of all the flowers we fairies know—
How bright daffodils to gild
In the saffron sunrise glow;
To launder lilies in the snow."

Quotations of this kind might be amplified easily were there space enough to indulge them, but these are sufficient to prove fancy and skill of no common order. Unfortunately, however, this high standard is not maintained, the prose humor of the rustics being especially forced and clumsy, while the action of the play offers insuperable and unnecessary difficulties.

The second piece in the volume, entitled "A Romantic Farce," is not a farce at all, but an extravaganza, in which the characters, who meet at a masquerade, resolve to adhere to their picturesque and antique costumes in defiance of the tyrannical and absurd laws of modern fashion. Herein is the germ of a capital idea, but Mr. Davidson has destroyed his opportunity by a preposterous and conventional story, in which there is probably some deep satirical intent, there being no other conceivable motive for it. The quality of the dialogue is provokingly uneven, some of it being exceedingly bright, and much of the rest either foolish or feeble. The satirical and fanciful passages are far superior to all the others; the parts which are meant to be humorous are the weakest of all. The lack of real humor, indeed, is, perhaps, the most obvious deficiency in all Mr. Davidson's work.

The historical drama of "Bruce" is by all odds the strongest and most dramatic piece in the collection, and it is even conceivable that with a few modifications by an experienced stage-manager it might be presented upon the stage with some chance of success. But in this, as in all the other plays, there is far more narration than action, and actors of uncommon capacity would be needed to do it justice. Some of the finest speeches are put into the mouths of subordinate characters. Although the episodes are in the main historical, the point of view is largely that of Miss Jane Porter in "The Scottish Chiefs." Imagination and romance, however, are always welcome in stage representation. There is an exceedingly good soliloquy for the Countess of Badenoch over the body of her slaughtered husband, but it is too long to quote. Here is a vigorous simile, however, from a speech of Lamberton's:—

"Sometimes we please ourselves with images
Of deeds heroic. The unstabled thought,
Enfranchised by rough-riding passion, winds
A haughty course and laughs at depth and height;
But the blood tires; and lo! our thought, a steed,
That from his rider ever takes the mood,
Pants, droops, turns tail, and hobbles home to stall."

This is a vivid and skilful bit of expression, but is a perfectly fair sample of much more of the same sort and quality. A scene between Bruce and Isabella, in the second act, is admirable throughout, full of feminine devotion and affection on the one side, and of manly resolve on the other. In the third act, in the trial of William Wallace, the passages between the Scottish hero and King Edward are full of fire and spirit, but are somewhat overwrought, and now and then perilously akin to bombast. But the descriptions of Wallace's prowess put into the mouth of Hugh Beaumont are as fine as anything in the book, and would bear easily the test of comparison by any standard except the very highest. They are written with the simplicity, picturesqueness and force that are among the best and rarest qualities of dramatic writing. The soliloquy of Robert Bruce before the battle of Bannockburn is another remarkable bit of composition, and the story of the battle itself, as related by spectators, is as vivid and thrilling a piece of word-painting as anyone could wish to read, charged throughout with the fury and frenzy of war, the swaying action of embattled lines, the enthusiasm of victory and the sullen desperation of defeat:—

'And all this raving on a summer's morn,
With unseen larks beside the golden sun,
And merest blue above, with not a breeze
To fan the burdened rose-trees, or incense
With mimic rage the foamless rivulet,
That like a little child goes whispering
Along the woodland ways its happy thought."

It is a great pity that such rare powers should not have been exerted to more practical purpose.

Space will only permit the briefest reference to the two remaining plays in the book, which are called "Smith, a Tragic Farce," and "Scaramouch in Naxos, a Pantomime." In truth, there is not much to be said about either of them, except to deplore that so much ability should have been wasted to so little purpose. There is some exceedingly clever writing in "Smith," including an admirable imitation of Tennysonian blank-verse, some pungent satire upon social follies, and fierce assaults upon modern education and things in general. It is rhapsodic, pessimistic, passionate, unconventional, radical—everything but intelligible,—a most provoking example of great abilities squandered in fantastic wilfulness. As for "Scaramouch in Naxos," it has a classic flavor, and could have been written only by a clever man with a cultivated taste and a poetical imagination, but the reader has to go over it more than once to find out what it is all about, and is not then quite sure. This is not a valuable characteristic of pantomime; but, perhaps, Mr. Davidson only intended to intimate that he went to a good many authors for ideas, and mimicked all of them a little. The reader, when he has finished the book, lays it down with a feeling of disappointment over hopes unrealized, but also with a profound conviction that Mr. Davidson might write great plays if he would deign to acquaint himself with one or two of the elementary qualities of drama. In form, type and paper the volume is wholly delightful.

Notes

MR. GLADSTONE has promised to write an introduction to the Life of Sir Andrew Clark, which is in course of preparation.

—On Nov. 1 will be published the first number of *Le Monde Moderne*, an illustrated monthly magazine on the lines of *The Century*, *Harper's* and *Scribner's*. Each number will contain 160 pages, with about 100 illustrations, and will be sold at 1.50/. M. Quantin, who retired from the well-known publishing-house that bears his name some time ago, will publish it, and M. Octave

Uzanne will be high in its editorial councils. Hitherto France has possessed no periodical answering to our great illustrated monthlies, and the experiment will therefore be watched with interest on this side of the ocean. With the example of such publications as *Les Lettres et les Arts* and *Le Figaro-Illustré* before them, and the wonderful resources of French art to draw upon, it would seem that the publisher and editors of the new magazine are bound to be successful.

—Mr. Charles de Kay, the well-known author, poet and art-critic of *The Times*, has been nominated by President Cleveland as Consul-General of the United States at Berlin.

—President Benjamin Stoddart Ewell, LL.D., of William and Mary College died in James City, Va., on June 19, in his eighty-fifth year. He was graduated from West Point in 1832, was Assistant Professor of Mathematics in that institution in 1832-5, and Assistant Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy in 1835-6. In 1848 he entered William and Mary College as Professor of Mathematics and Acting President, becoming President in 1854, but laying down the position to serve in the Confederate Army during the War. In 1865 he was again elected to the post which he held at the time of his death. He was an honorary member of the Royal Historical Society of Great Britain.

—Mr. Richard Watson Gilder is preparing a complete edition of his poems.

—Ginn & Co. announce the first two volumes of the National School Library of Song, which will "consist of a series of small volumes primarily intended to meet varied wants in upper grades of music instruction in schools." Each number will contain 96 pages of musical material.

—Scott's MS. of "Anne of Geierstein" was sold in London on June 13, bringing 300*l.*; a volume containing portions of the MSS. of "Waverley" and "Ivanhoe" realized 215*l.*

—Prof. Herbert Tuttle of Cornell University died at Ithaca on June 21, after a year of physical and mental infirmities. He was born at Bennington, Vt., in 1846, graduated from the University of Vermont in 1869, and was engaged in newspaper work, both in this country and in Europe, until 1880, when he was appointed lecturer in the University of Michigan. In the following year he accepted the chair of modern history at Cornell. His works are "German Political Leaders" and the well-known "History of Prussia," the three volumes of which, issued thus far, cover the period 1134-1756. Prof. Horatio G. White of Cornell is now in Munich; President Schurman and Prof. T. F. Crane sail for Europe immediately after commencement.

—Robert Louis Stevenson will receive \$15,000 for the serial rights of his new novel, which will be published in *The Pall Mall Gazette*.

—Prof. George E. Woodberry, Poe's biographer, is at present engaged in preparing for early publication in *The Century* a number of unpublished letters from Poe to Dr. Rufus W. Griswold, among whose papers they were found by his son, Mr. W. M. Griswold of Cambridge.

—Among D. Appleton & Co.'s announcements for this season are "The Purple Light of Love," a story of New York and Newport, by Henry Goelet McVickar; "Mrs. Limber's Raffle," which was first published anonymously and has been revised by its author, Mr. William Allen Butler of "Nothing to Wear" fame; a new book by Kate Sanborn; and "A Daughter of Music," by G. Colmore. The first volume of the "Memoirs of the Baron de Ménéval," just published by this house, is attracting much attention in France and England on account of its anti-English utterances, aside from its great interest as a contribution to history, and Mr. Conway's "Climbing in the Himalayas" is meeting with the reception it so fully deserves.

—The Rev. Stopford A. Brooke is editing Coleridge's "Poems" for early publication by J. M. Dent & Co. Mr. Brooke is known as a poet and as a capable and sympathetic critic of Tennyson; and he is at present, on Sunday evenings, delighting his Bloomsbury congregation with a series of addresses on the works of Browning.

—*The Publishers' Circular* reports the sale at auction, at Berlin, on May 21, of a holograph letter from Raphael to Giuliano Leno, the Treasurer of St. Peter's, dated Jan. 16, 1515, never yet printed, and, indeed, previously unknown, accompanied by a legal document referring to its contents. It fetched 3500 marks (\$875). The only known relics of the artist's handwriting are some receipts for monies paid to him, and a few lines on the back of one of his sketches preserved in the Museum at Lille. Amongst other letters of famous Italian painters was one from Michael Angelo to the poet Benedetto Barchi, on art matters, filling one folio page. This brought 1530 marks (\$382.50). An interesting letter of Marie Antoinette realized 215 marks (\$51.60). Another valuable letter was one written by the painter Guido Reni, bearing date April 5, 1625,

and of great interest owing to the artistic nature of its subject-matter and the remarks of the artist on prices paid for his pictures. This realized 300 marks (\$72). The manuscript of Goethe's "Naivität und Humor," with unpublished additions by the author, fetched 87 marks (\$20.88). A characteristic letter by Grillparzer in reference to his tragedy, "Sappho," and specially attractive because dealing with the relations of author and publisher, was knocked down for 61 marks (\$14.64). Very interesting for literary students and admirers of Heinrich Heine was a collection of poems from his "Neuer Frühling" and "Heimath," containing very many alterations, and accompanied by a letter from the poet. This lot realized 490 marks (\$117.60). The neatly written manuscript in his own hand of Carl Maria von Weber's celebrated "Invitation à la Valse," with his signature in duplicate, gave rise to a spirited competition amongst the music collectors present at the sale, and was finally knocked down for 3003 marks (\$720.72).

—A "Balade," attributed to Chaucer, has turned up among the MSS. in British Museum. Prof. Skeat declares it to be "the most complete example that exists of his mastery over the technicalities of rhythm. It comprises three stanzas, each of nine lines, in the difficult metre of a part of 'Anelida and Arcite.'" Other experts do not think quite so highly of it.

—Prof. Goodell of Yale has accepted his election to the professorship of Greek language and literature at the American School at Athens, and his Greek courses at Yale for next year have accordingly been cancelled.

—Adelbert College (the University of the Western Reserve) has conferred the degree of LL.D. upon Prof. Young of Princeton and Col. Hay. "John Hay, a man of genius and one who has earned the gratitude of this University by his liberality," say the Trustees in choice Latin, "has been vigorously and diligently occupied with public affairs, especially such as are dealt with in foreign residence. He has also for many years cultivated literature. He has felicitously described the ways and manners of the Spaniards. He has composed poems, some of them admirably reproducing the rough and rural dialect of a western people, and some of them polished to the perfection of art. In his description of the life and acts of Abraham Lincoln he has conferred a benefit upon our country." Of the distinguished astronomer it is declared:—"Charles Augustus Young deserves well of this University, having formerly for nine years held the office of a professor. Devoting himself to astronomical studies, he shines like a star in the splendor of his remarkable genius. He has written much and excellently, especially upon the constitution and motion of the sun." Prof. Thomas Day Seymour, the Grecian, also was made a Doctor of Law and Willis-ton Walker a Doctor of Sacred Theology.

—The sale of the library of P. H. Watson, Assistant Secretary of War under President Lincoln, was concluded on May 20. Among the prices paid were \$27 for William Prynne's "The Player's Scourge," \$24.50 for a set of the works of Rétif de la Bretonne, and \$16 for Fulton's letter to Napoleon, advocating the use of submarine vessels and torpedoes for the destruction of the English fleet. Some first editions of Longfellow's works brought good prices.

The Free Parliament

Communications must be accompanied by the names and addresses of correspondents, not necessarily for publication. In referring to any question, correspondents are requested to give its number.

QUESTIONS

1757.—Who wrote the following lines?

"Port after stormy seas,
Life after death,
Doth greatly please"

DENVER, COLO.

L. S. T.

1758.—1. Where could I get a copy of the play called "Louis XI," or of "The Bells"? 2. Who are the publishers of Francis H. Saltus's books?

LIBERTY, MO.

J. E. C.

[1. A new edition of Casimir Delavigne's "Louis XI," in French, has just been published by Macmillan & Co. Boucicault translated it into English; for "The Bells" address Samuel French & Son, 28 West 23d Street, New York. 2. Charles Wells Moulton, Buffalo, N. Y.]

1759.—1. Is the Egyptian "Book of the Dead" accessible in English, outside of Bunsen's "Egypt's Place in the World's History"? 2. Has the poem "Kitab-al-Aghani," written by Isfahani, of which Renan makes constant mention in his History of Israel, ever been translated into English? Please give some description of it. 3. In *The Critic* of Oct. 28 attention is called to the "Na-ac-

nal-ya," by Dr. J. W. Fewkes. Please give the Boston publishers and price of the work; also, the price of "A Central American Ceremony" by the same author.

WATERTOWN, N. Y.

R. A. O.


Publications Received

Appleton, R. After the Manner of Men. \$1.
Baldwin, D. A. Pocket Homoeopathist. 50c.
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Bishop, W. H. A Pound of Cure. \$1.
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Brooks, N. Tales of the Maine Coast. \$1.
Colmore, G. A Daughter of Music.
Curtice's Index.
Doibear, A. E. Matter, Ether, and Motion. \$2.
Frye, A. E. Primary Geography. 7c.
Giddings, F. H. The Theory of Sociology. 50c.
Gould, G. M. Illustrated Dictionary of Medicine. \$10.
Helm, F. Between Two Forces. 50c.
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